

COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS
AND
SACRED POEMS.

Col. iii. 16. Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

THE SECOND EDITION WITH ADDITIONS.

D U B L I N:

Printed by GEORGE BONHAM, No. 41, Dame-street.

And sold by S. EDWARDS, School-master, in GOLDEN-LANE.

Price 1s. 7d. h. in Sheep, and 2s. 2d. in Calf.

M.DCC.LXXIX.



C
A
.
T
A
I
W
I
O
O
Su
I c
Te
An
Th
O

P R E F A C E.

The Musician's.

THOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints
above,

And lulls the ravish'd spheres,
On thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
Thy heav'nly choristers.

If ought I know the tuneful art,
To captivate an human heart,
The glory, Lord, be thine:
A servant of thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill,
To sound the praise divine.

With *Tubal's* wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred pow'r,
To please the fiends beneath;
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or smoothe with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.

Suffice for this the season past:
I come, great God, to learn at last
The lessons of thy grace;
Teach me the new, the Gospel-song,
And let my head, my heart, my tongue
Move only to thy praise.

Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
O may I, fill'd with sacred fire,

Repeat the Psalmist's part!
His son and thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred Melody
The fibres of my heart.

6. So shall I charm the list'ning throng,
And draw the living stones along,
By JESU'S tuneful name:
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
And form a city in the skies,
The new *Jerusalem*.

7. O might I with thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
Mixt with the bright musician band,
May I in holy raptures stand,
And sing the song of love!

8. What extasy of bliss is there!
While all th' angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys!
What more than extasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At JESU'S glorious voice.

9. O might I die, that awe to prove!
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three One;
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around thy throne.

P R E F A C E.

IN this second Edition of the Hymns, several new ones are introduced, which favor the different Measures used in religious Compositions; the former being for the most Part of the plainer Kind: And many excellent ones are added from Collections, which did not appear thirty Years ago; as more might, were it not to avoid, with the increased Bulk and Expence, too many on the same Subjects, or in Measures very rarely used. For the same Reasons the Reader is referred for Psalms to the Book of Psalms.

RELIGIOUS Music has been so much improved, it has been thought proper to lay together some select Tunes in a separate Book; but the Reader may please to observe, that the like Distinction is here used as in the former Book to make the Hymns correspond with the Tunes.

IN regard to *Measure*, the short, common

and long are distinguishable, on sight of the Stanzas. The four sevens (*i. e.* four Lines of seven Syllables each) are distinguishable from the four eights, by the Mark (4—7) annexed to the Title of the Hymn; and all the less usual Measures by the like Figures set there; only a few Hymns with more musical Tunes have the Names of the Tunes annexed.

IN regard to the *quality* of the Hymns and Tunes, the lofty are marked thus §, the lively thus *, the soft or affecting thus †, the grave or plaintive thus ‡, and a few of a very mournful Cast thus ¶; whilst those unmarked are of a middling Nature, *e. i.* not distinguishable for gravity, softness, sprightliness, or sublimity, but may be very well adapted to Pulpit Discourses, Family Service, or private Use.



H Y M N S A N D S A C R E D P O E M S.

I. *Divine Wrath and Mercy.*

1. **A**DORE and tremble, for our GOD
Is a *consuming fire* ;—
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.
2. Almighty vengeance, how it burns !
How bright his Fury glows !
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.
3. Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame ;
But kindled, oh ! how fierce they blaze !
And rend all nature's frame.
4. At His approach the mountains flee,
And seek a wat'ry grave ;
The frightened sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.
5. Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd :
Who dares engage His fiery rage,
That shakes the solid World ?
6. Yet, mighty GOD, thy sov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne ;
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.
7. Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour ;
While we, beneath Thy shelt'ring wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

II. *For the Lord's Day.*

1. **A**GAIN the LORD of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
2. O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
3. This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud Hosannahs sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue !
4. Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

† III. *Desiring a Sight of Christ crucified.* 6-8ths.

1. **A**H give me, LORD, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have Thy body torn !
Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony ;
To weep o'er an expiring GOD,
And mix my sorrow with thy blood !
2. O could I gain the mountains height,
And look upon that piteous sight !
O that with Salem's daughters I
Might stand and see my SAVIOUR die,

Smite on my breast, and inly mourn,
But never from Thy cross return!

† IV. *Invitation.*

1. **A**H woe is me constrain'd to dwell
Among the sons of night;
Poor sinners dropping into hell,
Who hate the gospel light!
2. Wild as the untam'd Arab's race,
Who from their SAVIOUR fly;
And trample on his pard'ning grace,
And all his threats defy.
3. With gushing eyes their deeds I see,
Shut up in Egypt I;
And ask with Him who ransom'd me
Why will ye sin and die?
4. JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving pow'r;
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
And know their gracious hour!
5. Open their eyes and ears to see
Thy cross, and hear thy cries!
Sinner, thy SAVIOUR weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies!

† V. *The Christian will serve the Lord.*

1. **A**H wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may we sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win!
2. May we resolve with all our heart,
With all our pow'rs, to serve the LORD!
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
3. O be his service all our joy!
Around let our example shine!
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4. Be this the purpose of our soul,
Our solemn, our determin'd choice;
To yield to his supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice!
5. O may we never faint nor tire;
Nor, wand'ring, leave His sacred ways!
Great GOD, accept our soul's desire,
And give us strength to live thy praise!

† VI. *Human Frailty bewailed.*

1. **A**LAS! how faulty is the best?
How weak the strongest are?
Who has the wisdom ev'ry hour
To shun the secret snare?
1. Dangers, in distant prospect seen,
How small do they appear?
Champions we seem, but cowards prove
Soon as the danger's near.
3. Thus Peter in the trying hour
His boasted courage lost;
And knew, vain man, alas! too late
His weakness to his cost.
4. Mark well, my soul, the dang'rous path
Where e'er the saints have fell:
Fly from the downward road, and know
Its steps take hold of hell.
5. In the strait path that leads to life
Proceed with all thy care;
Smooth as the broad way now may seem,
There's nought but dangers there.
6. When dangers threaten, O my GOD!
Preserve my soul from harm;
No foe can hurt whilst I'm secur'd
By an almighty arm.

VII. *Charitable Judgment.*

1. **A**LL-seeing God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions
flow;
To judge by principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
2. Who among men, great LORD of all,
Thy servant to his bar should call?
For modes of faith judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?
3. Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
4. If wrong forgive, approve if right,
While faithful we obey our light,
And cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.
5. When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould;
And *charity* our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, thou GOD of love?

† VIII. *Christ rising from the dead.*

1. **A**LL ye that seek the LORD, who died,
Your GOD for sinners crucified,
Prevent the earliest dawn, and come
To worship at his sacred tomb.
2. Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,
Your contrite hearts and streaming eyes,
Your sad complaints, and humble fears;
Come, and embalm him with your tears.
3. While thus ye love your souls t'employ,
Your sorrow shall be turn'd to joy;
Now, now let all your grief be o'er!
Believe; and ye shall weep no more.

- § 4. The third auspicious morn is come,
And calls our SAVIOUR from the tomb;
An earthquake hath the cavern shook,
And burst the door, and rent the rock.
5. The LORD hath sent his angel down,
And he hath roll'd away the stone.
As snow behold his garment white,
His countenance as lightning bright;
6. The bands of death are torn away,
The yawning tomb gives back its prey;
The seal is broke, the stone cast by,
And all the pow'rs of darkness fly.
7. The body breathes, and lifts its head,
The keepers sink, and fall as dead;
The dead restor'd to life appear,
The living quake and die for fear.
8. The LORD of LIFE is ris'n indeed,
To death deliver'd in your stead;
His rise proclaims your sins forgiv'n,
And shews the living way to heav'n.
9. Haste then, ye souls that first believe,
Who dare the Gospel word receive;
Your faith with joyful hearts confess;
Be bold, be JESU's witnesses.
10. Go tell the followers of your LORD,
Their JESUS is to life restor'd;
He lives, that they His life may find;
He lives, to quicken all mankind.

† IX. *Sincere Praise.*

1. **A**LMIGHTY maker, GOD!
How wond'rous is Thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!
2. Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t'express
Thine undissembled praise.

- [3. In native white and red
The rose and lily stand;
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To shew thy skilful hand.
4. The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.]
5. My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
6. But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.
7. Thy glories I abate,
Or praise Thee with design;
Some of the favors I forget,
Or think the merit mine.
- [8. The very songs I frame
Are faithless to Thy cause;
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.]
9. Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain!
This wretched heart will ne'er be true.
Until 'tis form'd again!
10. Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love!
11. Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise!

X. *Repentance flowing from the patience
of God*

1. **A**ND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell.
2. The burthen of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.
3. Almighty Goodness cries, *forbear*,
And straight the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke His wrath,
And weary out His grace?
4. **L**ORD, we have long abus'd Thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aking hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.
3. No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away!

XI. *Faith in God dispels all fear.*

1. **A**ND art Thou with us, gracious **L**ORD,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost Thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
2. Doth Thy right hand, which form'd the
And bears up all the skies, [earth]
Stretch from on high its friendly aid
When dangers round us rise?
3. Dost thou a father's pity feel,
For all thy humble saints?
And in such tender accents speak,
To sooth their sad complaints?

4. On this support our souls shall lean
And banish ev'ry care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If GOD be with us there.
5. While we his gracious succour prove,
'Midst all our various ways;
The darkest shades thro' which we pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

§ XII. *The Wonders of Redemption.*

1. **A**ND did the Holy and the Just,
The SOV'REIGN of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
2. Yes, the REDEEMER left his throne,
His radiant throne on high;
(Surprizing mercy! love unknown)
To suffer, bleed and die.
3. He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man! O miracle of grace!
For man the SAVIOUR bled!
4. Dear LORD, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In Thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
5. JESUS, my soul, adoring bends
To love so full so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred pow'r to me?
6. What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only Thine.

XIII. *God to be loved above all.*

1. **A**ND is it yet, dear LORD, a doubt,
If in my breast Thou reign'st alone?
O find the lurking rival out,
And drag the traitor from the throne!
2. Would earth's delusive trifling charms
Assume a pow'r above Thy name?
Stab each usurper in my arms,
And vindicate Thy rightful claim!
3. By purchase, duty, ev'ry tie,
Yea, choice itself, LORD, I am Thine;
Maintain that right, or let me die
E'er from Thy love my soul decline!
4. If my unsteady heart would rove, [frame,
And well Thou know'st its treach'rous
If ought below, or ought above
Would share or quench the sacred flame;
5. Chase the curst object from my soul,
Thence, thence the twining mischief tear;
Reign Thou the sov'reign of the whole,
Be LORD of ev'ry motion there!

XIV. *Triumph over Death.*

1. **A**ND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
1. Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh;
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
3. GOD, my Redeemer, lives;
And, stooping from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

4. Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.
5. These lively hopes we owe
To JESU'S dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above,
6. Dear LORD, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs;
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

XV. *An Evening Hymn.*

1. **A**ND now, my soul, the circling sun
Has all his beams withdrawn;
Once more his daily race is run,
And gloomy night comes on.
2. Thus one day more of life is gone;
A doubtful few remain;
Come then, review what thou hast done
Eternal life to gain.
3. Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still passes away?
And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With ev'ry passing day?
4. This day, what conquest hast thou gain'd?
What lust is overcome?
What fresh degree of grace obtain'd
To bring thee nearer home?
5. Alas! this life will soon be past;
'Tis dying ev'ry day;
But do thy hopes make equal haste,
Or negligence betray?
6. Do they more strong and lively grow?
And make more pure from sin?

Give more contempt of things below?
More peace create within?

7. Oh! do not pass this life in dreams,
To be surpriz'd by death;
And sink unthinking down to flames,
When thou resign'st thy breath.
8. No, ev'ry day thy course review,
Thy real state to learn;
And with renewed zeal, pursue
Thy great and chief concern.

XVI. *The Day of Judgment.*

1. **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?
2. And from His righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And thro' the num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?
3. "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlasting flame,
"For rebel angels first prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."
4. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heav'n before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?
5. But e'er that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!
6. Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross
And find salvation there.

7. So shall that curse remove
By which the SAVIOUR bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

§ XVII. *Easter Day.* 4-7 Salisbury.

1. **A**NGEL! roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
See He rises from the tomb ;
Glowing in immortal bloom.
2. 'Tis the SAVIOUR, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise :
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
3. Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong ;
Shout the SON of GOD, this morn
From his sepulchre newly born.
4. Hail victorious JESUS, hail ;
On thy cloud of Glory sail,
In long triumph thro' the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
5. Heav'n displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero thro' them ride ;
KING of GLORY, mount the throne,
Thy great FATHER's and thy own !
6. Pow'rs of heav'n, seraphic fires,
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty SAVIOUR's reign !
7. Ev'ry note with wonder swell ;
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell !
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where O death, thy mortal sting ?

XVIII. *For Christmas Day.*

1. **A**RISE and hail the happy day ;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner things ;
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The sun of righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.
2. How wonderful, how vast His love,
Who left the shining realms above,
These happy seats of rest !
How much for human kind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
Can never be express'd.
3. Then let our souls adore his grace ;
Let holy joy and thanks take place
Of sorrow grief and pain ;
Give glory to our GOD most high,
And, midst the universal joy,
Proclaim good will to men.
4. Let all in heav'n and earth rejoice,
Angels and men unite their voice,
And hymn the happy day ;
When Satan's empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the pow'rs of death and hell
Confess'd His sov'reign sway.

XIX. *Characters of the Children of God.*

1. **A**S new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
So saints with joy the Gospel taste,
And by the Gospel live.
- [2. With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates ;
They love the Men their FATHER loves,
And hate the Works He hate.]

[3. Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust ;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4. Not all the Chains that Tyrant's use
Shall bind their Souls to Vice :
Faith, like a Conqu'ror, can produce
A thousand Victories.]

[5. Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The Sons of God to sin.]

[6. Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform His will,
But, with the noblest Pow'rs they have,
His sweet Commands fulfil.]

7. They find access, at ev'ry hour,
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

8. O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of over-flowing grace !
To dwell so near their FATHER's seat
And see His lovely face !

9. LORD, I address Thy heav'nly throne ;
Call me a child of Thine ;
Send down the spirit of Thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

10. There shed Thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong ;
Then shall I say, My Father God,
With an unwav'ring tongue.

XX. *The Changes of Life under God's Direction.*

1. **A**S various as the moon
Is man's estate below ;

To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

2. The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief ;
And then the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.

3. Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition giv'n ;
His dark and prosp'rous hours advance
By the fix'd laws of heav'n.

4. God measures unto all
Their lot of good and ill ;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordain'd by wisest will.

5. Let man conform his mind
To ev'ry changing state ;
Rejoicing now, and now resign'd,
Nor vainly strive with fate.

6. Hopeful and humble bear
Thy evil and thy good ;
Nor by presumption nor despair
Weak mortal be subdu'd.

XXI. *The new Creation.*

1. **A**TTE ND, while God's exalted Son
Doth His own glories shew :
" Behold, I sit upon my throne,
" Creating all things new !

2. " Nature and sin are pass'd away,
" And the old *Adam* dies ;
" My hands a new foundation lay ;
" See the new world arise !

3. " I'll be a sun of righteousness
" To the new heav'ns I make ;
" None but the new-born heirs of grace
" My glories shall partake."

4. Swift

4. Mighty REDEEMER, set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to Thee,
Create new pow'rs within!
5. Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh!
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh!
6. Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world, that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

* XXII. *The Christian Race.*

1. **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears;
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on!
2. Strait is the gate, narrow the road,
And mortals stop, or tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That calls and strengthens ev'ry saint.
3. From GOD, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, or droop and die.
4. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

XXIII. *The Conflict.*

1. **A**WAKE, our souls, lift up your eyes;
See where your foes against you rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake our souls, or ye are lost!

2. Here giant *danger* threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There *pleasure's* silken banners spread
And willing souls are captive led.
3. See where rebellious *passions* rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage!
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
4. Ye tread upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset you round;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most the traitor in your heart.
5. Come then our souls, now learn to wield
The weight of your immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.
6. The terrors and the charms repel,
And pow'rs of earth and pow'rs of hell;
The man of calv'ry triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful foll'wers fear?

* XXIV. *Salvation approaching.*

1. **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shews salvation nigh!
2. On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
And each revolving year!
3. Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4. Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
 Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.
2. But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No, in the strength of JESUS, no!
 I never will give up my shield.

XXV. *The Benefit of public Ordinances.*

1. **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care!
 Away from earth our souls retreat!
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near Thy seat.
2. LORD, in the temple of Thy grace
 We see thy feet and we adore;
 We gaze upon Thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of Thy pow'r.
3. While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high;
 And pray'r brings down a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.
4. If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word;
 We gird the Gospel armor on,
 To fight the battles of the LORD.
5. Or if our spirit faints and dies,
 (Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
 Here doth the *righteous* sun arise
 With healing beams beneath his wings.]
6. Father, my soul would still abide
 Within Thy temple, near Thy side;
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart!

XXVI. *Banishing unbelief.*

1. **A**WAY my unbelieving fear!
 Fear shall in me no more take place:
 My SAVIOUR doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:

3. Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
 Altho' the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The field illude the tillers toil,
4. The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race;
 Yet will I triumph in the LORD,
 The GOD of my salvation praise.

XXVII. * *A View of Heaven.*

2. **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 We soon shall recover our home:
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come:
2. From earth we shall quickly remove
 And mount to our native abode;
 The house of our father above,
 The palace of angels and God.
3. By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem *here*:
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear.
4. No need of the sun in a day
 Which never is follow'd by night;
 Where JESUS's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light.
5. The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at JESUS's face;
 And all the enjoyment above
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

§ XXVIII. *God sovereign and gracious.*

Denmark, 4 L. M.

1. **B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create and he destroy.
2. His sov'reign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
3. We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
4. Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy Love :
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

† XXIX. *Mercy.*

- B**EHOLD a *wretch* in woe,
A fellow mortal mourns ;
My eyes with tears of pity flow,
My heart his sighs returns.
- I hear the *thirsty* cry,
The *famish'd* beg for bread ;
O let my spring its streams supply,
My hand its bounty shed !
- Lo, the poor *debtor* sues,
Pale at the penal threat,
A starving family it shews ;
I cancel all the debt.
- And shall not *wrath* relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying " I repent,
" Nor will offend again ?"

5. How else, on sprightly wing,
Can hope bear high my pray'r
Up to thy throne, my GOD, my king,
To plead for pardon there ?
6. The *pitiful* and *kind*
Thy pity will repay ;
With thee shall the *forgiving* find
A sweet forgiving day.
7. But justice lifts her scale,
And shakes her rod on high ;
Nor pray'rs, nor sighs, nor tears avail
The sons of cruelty.

XXX. *The Pharisee and Publican.*

1. **B**EHOLD how Sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee !
One doth *his* righteousness proclaim,
The other owns *his* guilt and shame.
2. This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldy rises near the throne,
And talks of duties *he* has done.
3. The LORD their different language knows,
And different answers He bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud His anger frowns.
4. Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boating Pharisee :
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son !

† XXXI. *Support in Death.*

1. **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2. Ye pleasing scenes adieu,
Which I so long have known ;
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.
3. And thou beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.
4. But see a ray of light,
With splendors all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.
5. Where death and darkness reigns,
JEHOVAH is my stay ;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.
6. Kind shepherd, lead me on ;
My soul disdains to fear ;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Since Life's great LORD is near.

† XXXII. *No return from Death.*

1. **B**EHOLD the path which mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
2. Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
Know, O our souls, this doom your own ;
Feeble as theirs our mortal frame ;
The same our way, our home the same.
3. From vital air, from chearful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night ;
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
We must to God's tribunal pass.
4. Awake our souls, the way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care ;

- With steady feet that path be trod,
Which thro' the grave conducts to God.
5. Then shall we smile, secure from fear,
Tho' death should blast the rising year ;
And joy to reach the blissful shore,
From whence we shall return no more.

† XXXIII. *The Banquet of Love.*

1. **B**EHOLD the rose of Sharon here,
The lily which the vallies bear !
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves !
2. Amongst the thorns so lilies shine ;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine ;
So in mine eyes my SAVIOUR proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
3. Beneath His cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat ;
Of heav'nly fruit He spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.
4. Kindly He brought me to the place,
Where stands the banquet of His grace ;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of His Love he spread,
5. With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine ;
And op'ning His own heart to me,
He shows His thoughts how kind they be.]
6. O never let my LORD depart,
Lie down and rest upon my Heart ;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love !

XXXIV. *Decent Gravity.*

1. **B**EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with JESU'S blood !
Are

- Are they not born to heav'nly joys ?
And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?
2. Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play ;
To wear out time and waste the day ?
3. Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honors of their birth ?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire ?
4. What if we wear the richest vest ?
Peacocks and flies are better drest :
This flesh with all its gaudy forms
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
5. Lo R D raise our hearts and passions higher ;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire ;
Then with a heav'n-directed eye
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by !
6. We'll look on all the toys below,
With such disdain as angels do ;
And wait the call that bids us rise,
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

XXXV. *The repenting Prodigal.*

1. **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and
Had wasted his estate ; [wine
He begs a Share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat !
2. " I die with hunger here, he cries,
" I starve in foreign lands ;
" My father's house has large supplies,
" And bounteous are His hands.
3. " I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
" Fall down before his face ;
" Father, I've done Thy justice wrong,
" Nor can deserve Thy grace."

4. He said, and hast'ned to his home,
To seek his father's love ;
The Father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
5. He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.
6. " Take off his cloaths of shame and sin,
" (The Father gives command)
" Dress him in garments white and clean,
" With rings adorn his hand.
7. " A Day of feasting I ordain,
" Let mirth and joy abound ;
" My son was dead, and lives again,
" Was lost, and now is found."

† XXXVI. *Requesting pardoning Grace.*

1. **B**ELOVED SAVIOUR, prince of life,
To us Thy Spirit give ;
We pant to hear that sacred Voice,
Which bids poor sinners live.
2. Open to us those living springs,
Which from Thy wounds do flow ;
Dart down Thy bright refreshing beams ;
To us Thy goodness shew.
3. 'Tis Thy desire to save the lost,
To ease them of their pain ;
Therefore we come to Thee, blest LAMB,
Who for our sins was slain.
4. O'er stream our souls with Thy rich grace,
To us reveal Thy will ;
O be thou our Emmanuel,
Thy work in us fulfil !

XXXVII. *The Beatitudes.*

- [1. **B**LESS'D are the humble Souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]
- [2. Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of **CHRIST** divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]
- [3. Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]
- [4. Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.]
- [5. Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love; [tain
From **CHRIST**, the **LORD**, shall they ob-
Like sympathy and love again.]
- [6. Blest are the pure, whose heart is clean
From the defiling pow'rs of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A **GOD** of spotless purity.]
- [7. Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss
The sons of **GOD**, the **GOD** of peace.]
- [8. Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for **JESU**'s sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the **LORD**;
Glory and joy are their reward.]

XXXVIII. *Love in Heaven and Earth.*

1. **B**LESS'D are the saints that dwell above,
In the pure element of love;
They know no rage, nor cruel spleen,
But all is peaceful and serene.
2. Celestial love each breast inspires,
Kindling within her purest fires;
To harps of gold they sweetly sing,
Nor is there found a jarring string.
3. How blest on earth would mortals be,
Did love constrain them to agree?
Drawn by her soft and pow'ful cords
Of mighty deeds and gentle words.
4. Did love unfeign'd each heart engage,
"I would be a truly golden age;
Then should we shew our heav'nly birth,
And heav'n itself descend to earth.
5. Ye sons of strife your wrath forbear,
Nor like wild beasts pursue and tear;
How can you think to dwell above
Who have not learnt the art to love?
6. Ye zealots, vain will be each plea,
Whilst zeal consumes your charity;
Love only can pure zeal inspire,
The rest is strange and dang'rous fire.

XXXIX. *Peace-makers.*

1. **B**LESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose souls are distant far
From envy, jealousies and rage,
From tumult, noise and war.
2. Their work it is and joy
To sow the seeds of peace;
To join divided hearts and hands,
And make all discord cease.

3. How

3. How glorious is their *name* !
The sons of god most high ;
How great their *bliss* to have their God,
Their father, ever nigh !
4. See, in their placid looks,
The heav'n that dwells within :
Learn from the sons of peace their art,
And thus your heav'n begin,
5. Great God of love and peace !
Purge clean this heart of mine
From all base passions and bestow
On me thy peace divine.
6. Then shall I, LORD, delight
In works of peace and love ;
'Till I'm translated to the world
Of perfect peace above.

XL. *Liberality rewarded.*

1. BLESS'D is the man whose tender sense
Is touched with another's grief ;
Who when he hears the poor man's cry,
Affords him pity and relief.
2. God will his charity repay ;
In time of need will be his friend ;
When troubles to his lot shall fall,
He'll make them have an happy end.
3. Threaten'd by danger or disease,
His life he'll rescue from the grave ;
Prosper his state on earth, and from
His foes and all their malice save.
4. He'll strengthen him upon his bed
Of languishing infirmity ;
Grant him his comforts whilst he's sick,
Or make him happy if he die.
5. Bless'd be the majesty above,
Whom all true worshippers adore ;

Let ev'ry age consent and say
Amen, till time shall be no more !

§ XLI. *The Lord's Day, or the Resurrection of Christ.*

1. BLESS'D morning, whose young dawn-
Beheld our rising God, [ing rays
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.
2. In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th'appointed day.
3. Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God, in vain ;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
4. To Thy great Name, almighty LORD,
These sacred Hours we pay ;
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- [5. Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious king ;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad *Hosannas* ring !]

* XLII. *The Priesthood of Christ.*

1. BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge, the blood of *Abel* cries ;
But the dear stream, when CHRIST was
Speaks *Peace* as loud from ev'ry vein. (slain,
2. Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold He lays His vengeance by ;
And rebels, that deserv'd His sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord !

3. To JESUS let our praises rise,
Who gave His life a sacrifice ;
Now He appears before his GOD,
And for our pardon pleads His blood.

XLIII. *The Invitation to praise.*
4-6 and 4-8.

1. **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home !
2. Extol the LAMB of GOD,
The great-atoning LAMB !
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim
The year of Jubilee, &c.
3. Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above ;
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of JESU's love.
The year of Jubilee, &c.
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in JESUS dwell,
And blest in JESUS live.
The year of Jubilee, &c.
5. The Gospel trumpet hear ;
The news of heav'nly grace :
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your SAVIOUR's face.
The year of Jubilee, &c.

XLIV. *A general Admonition.*

1. **B**RETHREN, why toil ye thus for toys,
And reckon trash for treasure ;

Call gay deceptions solid joys,
Intoxication pleasure ?

2. If more refin'd amusements please,
As knowledge, arts or learning ;
A moment puts an end to these,
And sometimes short's the warning.
3. What balm could wretches ever find
In wit to heal affliction ?
Or who can cure a troubled mind,
With all the pomp of diction ?
4. Reflect what trifles ye pursue
So anxious and so heedful ;
For after all ye'll find it true
There is but one thing needful.
5. True wisdom, of celestial birth,
Can both instruct and cherish .
Other attainments are of earth,
And all that's earth must perish.
6. The chief concern of fall'n mankind
Should be to gain GOD's favor ;
What safety can the sinner find,
Before he finds a SAVIOUR ?

XLV. *Accepting a Penitent.*

1. **B**ROTHER [Sister] in Christ and well
belov'd
To JESUS and his servants dear,
Enter and shew thyself approv'd :
Enter and find that GOD is here,
2. 'Scap'd from the world, *redeem'd* from sin,
By fiends and wicked men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of the Lord !
3. Welcome from earth ! Lo ! the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give ;
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in JESU's name receive.

4. Say

4. Say is thy heart resolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love!
Then let it taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
Partaker of the Joys above!

XLVI. *Christ our righteousness.*

1. **B**URIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till CHRIST restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
2. Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till the atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the *Lord our righteousness.*
3. Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
4. Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness.
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O LORD to thee.

XLVII. *Election excludes boasting.*

1. **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race
Obtain the favour of Thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace:
2. He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of GOD;
And thus He pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.
3. He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of His grace;
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4. Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before His throne;
No flesh shall in His presence boast,
But in the LORD alone.

XLVIII. *God incomprehensible and sovereign.*

1. **C**AN creatures to perfection find
Th'eternal uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search His Nature out?
2. 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.]
3. GOD is a king of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If He resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?
4. He wounds the heart, and He makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When He shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
5. He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at His reproof.
- [6. He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.]
7. These are a portion of His ways;
But who shall dare describe His face?
Who can endure His light? or stand
To hear the thunders of His hand?

† XLIX. *Behold the Man!*

1. **C**HILDREN of grace, your King
come view,
In royal robes of shame and scorn!
Behold the crown of rugged thorn,
That sacred head now wears for you!
2. Behold th' affronts your LORD endures,
Hurry'd and dragg'd from place to place!
Behold th' afflictions, the disgrace
He feels, to gain these souls of yours!
3. Behold His forehead mangled o'er
With bloody wounds and ghastly scars!
See his disorder'd ruffled hairs,
Matted with dust and clotted gore!
4. Behold what furrows in His flesh,
On breast, neck, back, the scourge has
In robes of mockery array'd, [made!
And bound in chains, Him view afresh!
5. Look! look! how stooping there He goes
Quite crush'd'd beneath the cross's weight;
Behold Him in this wretched plight,
Sink to the earth o'erwhelm'd with woes!
6. O thou most poor afflicted heart!
Thou heart of love and faithfulness!
Who can behold Thy deep distress,
And not melt down with inward smart?
7. Thy bitter passion, O my LAMB!
Within my heart still find a place;
O! let me share in Thy disgrace,
By suffering for Thy word and name!

† L. *Remember your Creator, &c.* X

1. **C**HILDREN, to your CREATOR,
Your early honours pay; [GOD,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2. Be wise, and make His favour sure,
Before the mournful day
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay.
3. No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue;
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.
4. Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden year;
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.
5. What will ye do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes;
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies?
6. Can ye expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence;
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the Pris'ner hence?
7. The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.
8. Laden with guilt (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t'an angry GOD,
To be shut out from heav'n.

LI. *The different Success of the Gospel.*

1. **C**HRISt and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
1. But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;

They

They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shines in their dying LORD.

3. The vital savor of His name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4. Till GOD diffuse His graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain;
In vain *Apollis* sows the ground,
And *Paul* may plant in vain.

* LII. *The Resurrection of Christ.* 4-7.

1. CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2. Love's *Redeeming* work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo our sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo he sets in blood no more!

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious KING,
Where O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

5. Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
Foll'wing our exalted head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6. What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our Parent's fall;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly *Adam* live.

7. Hail the LORD of earth and heav'n!
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the RESURRECTION Thou!

8. KING of GLORY! Soul of Bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy Pow'r to prove;
Thus to sing and thus to love.

† LIII. *The Invitation.*

1. "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
" Ye heavy laden sinners come!
" I'll give you rest from all your toils,
" And raise you to my heav'nly home.
2. " They shall find rest that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But Passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.
3. " Blest is the man whose shoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is easy to his neck,
" My grace shall make the burden light."
4. JESUS, we come at Thy command;
With faith and hope and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

† LIV. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours!
2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys!

3. In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4. Dear LORD ! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee ?
And Thine to us so great.
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning Pow'rs !
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours !

LV. *New Year's Day.*

Amesbury. twice 3-5 and 12.

1. COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the master appear !
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil ;
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love !
2. Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
O that each in the day
Of His coming might say,
" I have fought my way thro',
" I have finish'd the work thou didst give me
to do !"
O that each from His LORD
May receive the glad word,

" Well and faithfully done,
" Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne."

LVI. *How Saints encourage each other.*
2-6 and 8 double.

1. COME let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above ;
If thy heart be as mine,
If for JESUS it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.
2. Who in JESUS confide
We are bold to out-ride
The storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet we soar
To that heav'nly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.
3. By *faith* we are come
To our permanent home ;
By *hope* we the rapture improve ;
By *love* we still rise,
And look down on the skies ;
For the heav'n of heav'ns is love.

LVII. *The Lamb of God worshipped*

1. COME, let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne !
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. " Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,
" To be exalted thus ;"
" Worthy the LAMB," our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.
3. JESUS is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;

And blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever Thine!

4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to raise Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

LVIII. *Self-Examination.*

COME, let us search our ways, and try
Have they been just and right;
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?

Do we *relieve* the poor distress'd?
Nor give our *tongues* a loose,
To make their names our scorn or jest,
Nor treat them with abuse?

Have we not found our *envy* grow
To hear another's praise?
Nor robb'd him of his *honor* due,
By sly malicious ways?

In all we sell and all we buy
Is *justice* our design?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?

In vain we talk of JESU'S blood,
And boast his name in vain;
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

LIX. *The Saint encouraging his Fellows.*

2-8 and 6 double.

1. COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades thro' the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel!
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that happy place,
The saints secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And push your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3. See where the LAMB in glory stands,
Incircled with His radiant bands,
And join th' angelic powers;
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heav'n is ours.

4. Who suffer for our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by His side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And ALL that to the end endure
The Cross, shall wear the Crown.

5. Thrice blessed bliss—inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our head.

6. That great mysterious DEITY
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific light

Shall

Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

§ LX. *Invitation to Praise.*

1. **C**OME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While we surround the throne.
2. Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King
Will speak their joys abroad.
3. The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
4. This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love;
And will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
5. There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
6. Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Will constant joys create.
7. Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To the fair worlds on high.

LXI. *Contentment.*

1. **C**ONTENTMENT—'Tis that art
Which makes us rich and great;

Great without pow'r's imperial sway,
And rich without estate.

2. Sweet balm of life, cordial refin'd,
Fair plant of heav'nly soil;
Soft soother of our anxious cares,
Blest sweet'ner of our toil!
3. But where, O where! resides the guest?
With nobles or with kings?
Swift flies the heav'nly form from thrones
And crowns, those meaner things.
4. Where truth and virtue fix their seat
In cottage mean, or cell;
There this kind angel shews his face,
And there delights to dwell.
5. Content—ingredient prime and sweet
In heav'n's consummate bliss!
'Tis thine to make a lesser heav'n
In such a world as this.
6. LORD, may I learn this blessed art,
And now my heav'n begin!
Or rich, or poor, I must be blest,
Who have my heav'n within.

† LXII. *Begging Grace and Peace.*

1. **D**EAR LORD, attend our pray'r,
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts, and dwell Thou there,
That we in thee may live!
2. In weakness we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer the sinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with thy peace.
3. 'Thou read'st the naked breast,
For liberty we groan;
We sigh in Thee, our Lord, to rest,
And worship Thee alone.

4. If trials vex the mind,
Close to our GOD we'll flee;
No refuge can we elsewhere find,
But what we find in Thee.

5. To Thee we come, our friend,
As sinners poor indeed;
On Thee for future grace depend,
Our help in ev'ry need.

LXIII. *Complaint of Desertion and Temptations.*

1. DEAR LORD, behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out Thy arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let Thy foes be slain.

2. The lion, with his dreadful roar
Affrights Thy feeble sheep;
Reveal the glory of Thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep!

Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach Thine ear,
Nor tears affect Thine eye?

If Thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a SAVIOUR'S blood;
An advocate, so near the throne,
Pleads and prevails with GOD.

He bought the Spirit's pow'ful sword,
To slay our deadly Foes;
Our sins shall die beneath Thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He makes His Son our righteousness;
His Spirit is our strength.

† LXIV. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

1. DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no GOD;
When the poor soul is forc'd away,
To seek her last abode.

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire and pain.

3. Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
Ye must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long *Forever* there.

4. See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face!
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace!

5. He is a GOD of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me;
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6. Prepare me, LORD, for Thy right-hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away!

LXV. *The Fall and Recovery of Man.*

1. DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father fell;
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that GOD forbid.

2. Death was the threat'ning: Death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3. But Satan found a worse reward ;
Thus saith the vengeance of the L O R D ,
“ Let everlasting hatred be
“ Betwixt the woman’s seed and thee.
4. “ The woman’s seed shall be my S O N ,
“ He shall destroy what thou hast done ;
“ Shall break thy head, and only feel
“ Thy malice raging at His heel .”
- [5. He spake ; and bid four thousand years
Roll on ; at length his S O N appears :
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer’s birth.
6. Lo, by the sons of hell He dies ;
But as He hung ’twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph’d o’er the pow’rs below.]

LXVI. *The first and second Adam.*

1. **D**E E P in the dust before Thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;
Great G O D, we own th’ unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame !
2. *Adam*, the sinner ; at his fall
Death, like a conqueror, seiz’d us all ;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.
3. But whilst our spirits, fill’d with awe,
Behold the terrors of Thy law ;
We sing the honours of Thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin’d race.
4. We sing Thine everlasting S O N ,
Who join’d our nature to His own ;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

- [5. By the rebellion of one man,
I thro’ all his seed the mischief ran ;
And, by one man’s obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.
6. Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of *Adam* found
Abounding life ; there glorious grace
Reigns thro’ the L O R D our righteousness.]

LXVII. *Vanity of Riches.*

1. **D**E L U D E D souls, who think to find
A solid bliss below !
Bliss ! the fair flow’r of paradise,
On earth can never grow.
2. See how the foolish wretch is pleas’d
T’increase his worldly store ;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And sighs for room for more.
3. What shall I do, distress’d he cries ?
“ This scheme I will pursue :
“ My scanty barns I will pull down,
“ And build them large and new.
4. “ Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
“ My soul to take its ease ;
“ Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
“ Shall give what joys I please.”
5. Scarce had he spoke, when lo ! from heav’n
Th’ Almighty made reply ;
“ For whom dost thou provide, thou fool !
“ This night thyself shall die.”
6. Teach me, my G O D, all earthly joys
Are but an empty dream ;
And may I seek my bliss alone
In Thee the good supreme.

LXVIII. *The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.*

DESCEND from heav'n, immortal dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

Beyond! beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul!

O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty FATHER's throne!
There sits our SAVIOUR crown'd with
Cloath'd in a body like our own. [light,

Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before Him fall;
The GOD shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing;
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their king!

When shall the day, dear LORD, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love.

LXIX. *The Backslider returned*

DESERTER to the camp return,
Resume thy former post;
Bewail thy crimes, thy baseness mourn,
For yet thou art not lost.

Thine is a sad, a dang'rous case,
Be humble and repent;

Mercy thou'lt find, tho' very base,
The moment Thou relent.

3. The father's prodigal came home,
The house was open yet;
Much greater mercy bids Thee come
Than all thy sins, tho' great.

4. Sinners are sav'd by JESU'S blood,
How vile so e'er they be;
Eternal life's the gift of GOD
(And gifts are always free)

5. Not bought by works of righteousness,
Which any man has done;
But God has sent his Son to bless,
Return and kiss the son!

† LXX. *Peter's Love to Christ.*

John, xxi. 15.

1. **D**O not I love Thee, O my LORD?
Behold my heart and see;
Would I not turn each idol out,
That dares to rival Thee?

2. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

3. Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?

4. Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

5. Thou know'st I love Thee, gracious LORD,
But O! I long to soar

Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

LXXI. *An Evening Song.*

[1. **D**READ Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'r'ngs of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies!

2. Thro' all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

3. Perpetual blessings from above
Incompass me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my CREATOR sound!

4. What have I done for Him that dy'd,
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll?

5. LORD, with this guilty heart of mine,
To Thy dear cross I flee,
And to Thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by Thee!

6. Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest;
As in th' embraces of my GOD,
Or on my SAVIOUR'S breast.

§ LXXII. *The Day of Judgment.*

1. **E**'ER long the awful day will come,
When JESUS shall appear;
And from His mouth, their final doom
Both good and bad shall hear.

2. He'll come, in all His glories dress'd,
And take the judgment-seat;

Whilst round Him myriads of the blest
At humble distance wait.

3. Th' archangel shall the trumpet sound,
The quick and dead shall hear;
The voice will reach the world around,
All summons to His bar.

4. But ah! what horror then will seize,
And fill each sinner's heart!
When he shall hear such words as these,
"Ye curs'd from Me depart."

5. But saints triumphant lift their eyes,
And hear their SAVIOUR bless;
"Come, ye belov'd, aloud He cries,
"Your kingdom now possess."

6. "Come now, and with your SAVIOUR
"And in His glory share." [reign;
This said, they rise and join his Train,
Ascending in the air.

7. And thence in pomp the judge attend,
Up to the world of praise;
And in celestial strains commend
His justice and His grace.

† LXXIII. *Asking the Way to Sion.*

1. **E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill;
And thither set your steady face
With a determin'd will.

2. Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious walk to join;
And spread the sentiments ye feel
Of faith and love divine.

3. O come, and to His temple haste,
And seek His favor there,
Before His footstool humbly bow
And pour your fervent pray'r!

4. O come

- 4 O come and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings He bestows
With thankful hearts and hands!

§ LXXIV. *God exalted above all Praise.*

1. **E**TERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
2. Thy dazzling beauties *Gabriel* sings,
And hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
3. LORD, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our MAKER too;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high!
4. Earth from afar has heard the fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp Thy name;
But O, the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
5. GOD is in heav'n, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

§ LXXV. *Honour to Magistrates.*

1. **E**TERNAL sov'reign of the Sky,
And LORD of all below,
We mortals to Thy majesty,
Our first obedience owe.
2. Our souls adore Thy throne supreme,
And bless Thy providence;
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

- [3. The crowns of *British* princes shine
With rays above the rest;
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blest.]

4. Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

5. Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid
To *Cæsar* and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the LORD's alone.

* LXXVI. *The Goodness of God.*

1. **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear:
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
2. Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand supports and cheers the whole;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
3. The flow'ry *spring* at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The *summer* rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and swell the vine.
4. *Seasons* and months and weeks and days
Demand successive hymns of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With op'ning light and ev'ning shade!
5. O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs:
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

LXXVII. *Faith of Things unseen.*

1. **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.
2. It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home;
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
3. By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abr'am to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the LORD.
4. The want of sight faith well supplies,
She makes heav'n's gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings their glories near.
5. Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
While faith transmits a ray;
Tho' lions roar and tempests blow,
And dangers fill the way.

† LXXVIII. *Delight in Worship.*

P A R T I

1. **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world,
be gone,
Let my religious hours alone!
Fain would my eyes my SAVIOUR see,
I wait a visit, LORD, from thee.
2. My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear JESUS, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love!
- [3 The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows at Thy right-hand;

And in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4. Hasten then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of Thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
5. Blest JESUS, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
6. Hail great *Immanuel*, all divine,
In Thee thy FATHER'S glories shine!
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

P A R T II.

7. LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of Thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
LORD, how we love Thy charming name!
8. When I can say, my GOD is mine,
When I can feel Thy glories shine;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
9. While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs;
Here we would sit, and gaze away,
A long, an everlasting day.
10. Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- [11. There shall we drink full draughts of
bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear LORD, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below!

2. Send comforts down from Thy right-hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land;
And in Thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a plimpe of Thee!

† LXXIX. *The promised Land.*

1. **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
2. Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore;
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
3. There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!
4. No cloud those blissful regions know;
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
5. There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.
6. O may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
'Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

§ LXXX. *Secret Devotion.*

1. **F**ATHER divine thy piercing eye
Looks thro' the shades of night;
In deep retirement Thou art nigh
With heart-discerning sight.
2. There shall that piercing eye survey
Our humble worship paid,

With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3. We'll leave behind each earthly care;
To Thee our souls shall soar;
While grateful praise and fervent pray'r
Employ the silent hour.
4. So shall the sun in smiles arise,
The day shall close in peace;
So wilt Thou train us for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

§ LXXXI. *Holiness and Grace manifested in Christ.*

1. **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs;
By thousand thro' the skies.
2. Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still:
3. But when we view the great design
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:
4. Here the whole *Deity* is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The *justice* or the *grace*.
5. Now the full glories of the *LAMB*
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright *Seraphs* learn *Immanuel's* name,
And try their choicest strains.
6. O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

§ LXXXII.

LXXXII. *The humble Worship of Heaven.*

1. **FATHER**, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode;
I'd leave Thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God!

2. Here I behold Thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in Thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3. I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon Thy throne:
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

[4. There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder, and with love.

5. Then at Thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *Nothing* there,
Before th' Eternal ALL.

6. There would I vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.]

7. The more Thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

† LXXXIII. *Begging Pardon.*

1. **FATHER**, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2. What did thy *only Son* endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3. O JESU, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul Thou would'st retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4. Author of faith, to Thee I list
My weary longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5. Give a poor sinner to rejoice
To feel his soul in peace;
O let him hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste Thy pard'ning grace!

† LXXIV. *Desiring pardoning Grace.*

1. **FATHER** of JESUS CHRIST, my
LORD,
I humbly seek Thy face;
Encourag'd by the SAVIOUR'S word
To ask Thy pard'ning grace.

2. Ent'ring into my closet, I
The busy world exclude:
In secret Pray'r for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3. Far from the paths of men, to Thee
I solemnly retire;
See Thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4. Thy grace I languish to receive,
Thy quick'ning love and pow'r;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5. Fain would I all Thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiv'n;
And do on earth Thy perfect will,
As angels do in heav'n.

6. O Father, glorify Thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For JESUS's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire!

7. Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heav'n ascend;
And now the work in grace begin,
Which shall in glory end!

LXXXV. *The Equity of the divine Dispensations.*

1. **F**ATHER of men who can complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who does a weight of duty share
More than his aids and powers can bear?

2. With differing climes and differing lands,
With fruitful plains and barren sands,
Thy hand hath form'd this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.

3. With like variety thy ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day;
While all are in their measure shew'd
The way to happiness and GOD.

4. O the unbounding grace which brought
To us the words by JESUS taught!
So blest and with such hopes inspir'd,
How much is giv'n, how much requir'd.

† LXXXVI. *Devotion will love to Souls.*
C. M. double.

FATHER our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne;
And bless Thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate son;

The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive;
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

2. O might they all receive
The new-born prince of peace;
And meekly in His Spirit live,
And in His love increase
'Till He convey us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
Come, Thou desire of nations, come,
And take us all to GOD!

§ LXXXVII. *Universal Praise.*

2. L. M. Denbigh.

1. **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the CREATOR's praise arise!
Let the REDEEMER's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue!

2. Eternal are thy mercies LORD,
Eternal truths attend thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

§ LXXXVIII. *The Lamb slain and honoured.*

1. **F**ROM heav'n the loud || th' angelic song
began, [man:
It shook the earth and reach'd astonish'd
By man re-echo'd, quickly mounts again;
Whilst richest fragrance fills the blissful
plain.

2. Worthy the LAMB of boundless sway;
In earth or heav'n the LORD of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers obey,
And low before his footsteps fall!

|| For Woolwich Tune use the *Italicks*,
otherwise drop.

3. The deed was done ; the LAMB was slain ;
The groaning earth the burthen bore :
He rose, He lives : He lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.
4. Riches and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring ;
The tribute pour before his feet,
And hail the triumphs of our KING.
5. Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting grace ;
Honor has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.
6. From heav'n from earth loud bursts of
The mighty blessings shall proclaim ; [praise
Blessings that earth to glory raise,
The purchase of the wounded LAMB.
7. Higher, still higher, swell the strain ;
Creation's voice the note prolong :
The LAMB shall ever ever reign
Let *Hallelujahs* crown the song.
Hallelujah.

§ LXXXIX. *The beatific Sight of Christ.*

1. FROM Thee, my GOD, my joys shall
rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
2. The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
3. There where my blessed JESUS reigns
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space ;

I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4. Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove ;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of Thy love.

- [5. Sweet JESUS, ev'ry smile of Thine
Shall fresh endearments bring ;
And thousand tastes of new delight,
From all Thy graces spring.

6. Hasten, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to Thy blest abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My SAVIOUR, and my GOD !]

XC. *Doxology.* 8—5:

GIVE glory to GOD,
Ye children of men ;
And publish abroad
Again and again
The SON's glorious merit,
The FATHER's free grace,
The gifts of the SPIRIT
To Adam's lost race.

* XCI. *God glorified in Man's Redemption.*
Salisbury.

1. GLORY be to God on high ;
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n ;
Man the well-belov'd of heav'n ;
2. Sov'reign father, heav'nly king,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless !

3. Hail

Hail by all thy works ador'd!
Hail the everlasting LORD!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
LORD of pow'r, and GOD of love!

§ XCII. *Paradise on Earth.*

GLORY to GOD that walks the sky,
And sends His blessings thro';
That tells His saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

Glory to GOD that stoops His throne,
That dust and worms may see't;
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

When CHRIST, with all His graces
Sheds His kind beams abroad; [crown'd,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And ev'ry sense I straight employ,
On sweet celestial things.

White lilies all around appear,
And each His glory shows:
The rose of *S Sharon* blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r that blows.

Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.

7. *But ah! how soon my joys decay,
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heav'nly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!*

*When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear;*

*That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt, and darkness here?*

9. *Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.*

XCIII. *Formality in Worship.*

1. **G**OD is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2. Nothing but truth before His throne,
With honor can appear;
The formal hypocrites are known,
Thro' the disguise they wear.

3. Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But GOD abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4. LORD, search our thoughts, and try our
And make our souls sincere; [ways,
Then shall we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there!

XCIV. *The Wisdom of redeeming Time.*

1. **G**OD of eternity from Thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2. Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wild sea,
The boundless gulph from whence it rose.

3. With it the thoughtless sons of men
Along the rapid stream are borne,
On to that everlasting home,
Whence no one soul can e'er return.

4. Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,
We gaze in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5. Great source of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

XCV. *A Morning Hymn.*

1. **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The chearful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.

2. From the fair chambers of the East
The circuit of his race begins ;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3. O, like the sun, may we fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
Run on, and keep our heav'nly way !

4. But we shall rove and lose the race,
If **GOD**, our sun, shall disappear,
And leave us in the world's wild maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

5. **LORD**, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Inlight'ning our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threat'nings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

6. Give us Thy counsel for our guide,
And then receive us to Thy bliss !

All our desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

§ XCVI. *God's Dominion over the Sea.*

1. **G**OD of the seas, Thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice ;
And one soft word of Thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand !

2. If but a *Moses* wave Thy rod,
The sea divides, and owns its **GOD** ;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let His chosen armies thro'.

3. The scaly flocks amidst the sea,
To Thee, their **LORD**, a tribute pay ;
The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Leaps up, and means a praise to **GOD**.

4. The larger monsters of the deep
On Thy commands attendance keep :
By Thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5. If **GOD** His voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears ;
Anon He lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6. How is Thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations, **LORD** !
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their **MAKER**'s praise.

7. What scenes of miracle they see,
And never tune a song to Thee !
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8. Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves ;
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the **GOD** that rescu'd them.]

9. Rise,

9. Rise, LORD, in glory from above,
With beaming majesty and love ;
Bend stubborn men to thy dread law,
And fill their thoughtless hearts with awe !

XCVII. *God's Providence mysterious.*

1. **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. In deep unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
With blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And fear his work is vain ;
GOD is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

XCVIII. *The old and new Creation.* 6-8s.

1. **G**OD spake the word, " Let light ap-
pear ;"
And light came glitt'ring thro' the air :

*Creation then in order rose,
And man adorn'd the glorious close.
Th' angelic host God's praises sang ;
With shrouis the wide Empyrean rang.*

2. God speaks the word ; obedient, light
Beams on our fallen nature's sight ;
And man, by grace thro' Christ, restor'd,
Lives by the same commanding word.
Behold the *new creation* rise ;
It mounts and challenges the skies !
3. Speak, speak again, O potent voice !
That all thy children may rejoice !
The earth and heav'n *create-anew*,
And there let us thy person view ;
With Thee in bliss for ever dwell,
And of Thy great Redemption tell !

XCIX. *Divine Correction.*

1. **G**OLD in the furnace tried
Ne'er loses ought but dross ;
The christian too is purified,
And better'd by the cross.
2. Afflictions make us see,
What else would 'scape our sight,
How very foul and dim are we,
And GOD how pure and bright.
3. The punish'd child repents,
The parent's bowels move ;
Th' offended father soon relents,
And turns with double love.
4. If God rebuke for *pride*,
He'll humble thy proud heart ;
If for thy want of *love* he chide,
That love he will impart.
5. He shall, by means like these,
Thy stubborn temper break ;

Soften thy heart by due degrees,
And make thy spirit meek.

6. His chaf'ning therefore prize,
The privilege of a saint ;
Their hearts are hard who that despise,
And their's too weak who faint.

C. Salvation by Grace.

1. **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear !
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps which now display
The great, the wond'rous, plan.
3. Grace taught our roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to GOD.
4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

§ CI. *Praise to the Redeemer.*
Magdalen Ode. 7s.

1. **G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While JEHOVAH's praise we sing :
Holy, holy, holy, LORD,
Be thy glorious name ador'd !
2. Men on earth and saints above,
Sing the great REDEEMER's love ;
LORD thy mercies never fail,
Hail celestial goodness hail !

3. Tho' unworthy LORD thine ear,
Our humble hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.
4. Lead us to that blissful state,
Where Thou reign'st supremely great !
Look with pity from thy throne,
And send thy holy spirit down !
5. While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way :
'Till we come to reign with Thee,
And all thy glorious greatness see !
6. Then with angels we'll again
Wake a louder, louder strain :
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.
7. There no tongue shall silent be,
There all shall join sweet harmony :
There, thro' heav'n's all spacious round,
Thy praise, O GOD, will ever sound.
- LORD, thy mercies never fail,
Hail celestial goodness hail !

§ CII. *God's eternal Dominion.*

1. **G**REAT GOD ! how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,
E'er seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living GOD,
Were all the nations dead.
3. Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thine immense survey ;
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4. Eternity,

4. Eternity, with all its years,
Stand present in Thy view ;
To Thee there's nothing *old* appears,
Great God, there's nothing *new* !
5. Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares ;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
6. Great God ! how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee !

CIII. *Triumph over Death.*

1. GREAT GOD, I own Thy sentence
And nature must decay ; [just,
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.
2. Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs ;
My JESUS, my REDEEMER lives,
My GOD, my SAVIOUR comes.
3. The mighty conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat ;
And death, the last of all His foes,
Lie vanquish'd at His feet.
4. Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh ;
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.
5. Then shall I see Thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes ;
And feast upon Thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

† CIV. *On opening a new Place of Worship.*

1. GREAT GOD, Thy watchful care we
bless,
Which guards our Synagogues in peace ;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.
2. These walls we to Thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to Thy praise ;
And Thou descending fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace !
3. Here let the great REDEEMER reign,
With all the graces of His train :
While pow'r divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
4. And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey ;
May it before the world appear,
That crouds were born to glory here !

§ CV. *Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.*

1. GREAT GOD, to what a glorious
height
Hast Thou advanc'd the LORD, thy SON !
Angels in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of His throne.
2. Before His feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move ;
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, or of love.
3. His orders run thro' all their hosts,
Legions descend at His command,
To shield and guard the *British* coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.
4. Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of Thine abode ;

Thro' all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5. LORD, when I leave this mortal ground,
And Thou shalt bid me rise and come;
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

CVI. *On the safe delivery of a Woman with-
child.*

1. GREAT is thy pow'r, LORD, to save,
And to redeem from death;
When brought to the wide gaping grave,
Thy grace renews the breath.
2. Wrap'd in the deep, thus *Jonah* lay,
The deep became a grave;
While o'er his head the billows play,
And wat'ry rushes wave.
3. The womb of nature, and its tomb,
How nearly are they join'd?
The shades divide to make us room,
Yet we're to life confin'd.
4. Praise to the LORD, whose mighty arm,
Has brought salvation near;
And sav'd his servant free from harm,
And rid her of her fear.
5. May *she* be mindful of *her end*,
Which lately *she* drew nigh;
And ev'ry moment so to spend,
That *she* may'nt fear to die.

§ CVII. *Humble Worship.*

1. GREAT king of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
Their songs to Thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in Thy praise!

2. The brightest seraph veils his face;
And low before Thy dazzling Throne,
With prostrate homage, *all* confess
Thou art the *infinite unknown*.

3. Man, ah, how far remov'd below,
Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night!
His brightest day can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.

4. But see our bright, our morning STAR!
His beams shall chase the shades away,
His beams resplendent from afar,
Sweet promise of immortal day!

5. To him our longing eyes we raise,
Our guide to Thee, the *great unknown*;
Through Him, O may our humble praise
Accepted rise before Thy throne.

CVIII. *On ordaining a Minister.*

1. GREAT LORD of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts be-
low;
And, thro' ten thousand sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
2. Amidst the wastes of time and death
Successive pastors Thou dost raise,
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise.
3. At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band;
With them thro' distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.
4. O blest employ! O glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honors share?

5. Yet

5. Yet while these labors we pursue,
Thus distant from the heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heav'n shall here be known.

CIX. *Religion vain without Love.*

1. **H**AD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,
And nobler speech that angels use ;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
2. Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove ;
Still I am nothing without love.
3. Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
4. If love to *GOD*, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

§ CX. *The God of Nature worshiped.*

1. **H**AIL king supreme ! all wise and good,
To Thee our thoughts we raise ;
While nature's beauties wide display'd
Inspire our souls with praise.
2. At morning, noon and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view ;
Oft as we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
3. Thy glory beams in ev'ry star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
And decks the rising face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

4. The sunny hill, the dewy lawn
With thousand beauties shine ;
The silent grove and awful shade
Proclaim Thy pow'r divine.
5. From tree to tree a constant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng ;
To Thee their chearful notes they swell,
And chaunt their grateful song.
6. Great nature's *GOD* ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage !
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works instructive page !

§ CXI. *The Ascension.* 4-7.

1. **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
CHRIST, a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n !
2. There the pompous triumph waits,
" Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
" Wide unfold the radiant scene,
" Take the *KING OF GLORY* in !"
3. Circled round with angel pow'r's,
Their triumphant *LORD*, and ours,
Conqu'ror over death and sin,
Take the *KING OF GLORY* in !
4. Tho' returning to His throne,
Still he calls mankind His own :
Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still He loves the earth he leaves.
5. See ! He lifts his hands above !
See ! He shews the prints, of love !
Hark ! his gracious lips bestow
Blessing on His church below !
6. Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent He intercedes ;

Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

7. Master (will we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see!
Ever gazing up to Thee!
8. Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height;
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing Thee beyond the skies!
9. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our LORD shall come,
Longing, gasping after home!
10. There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee!

† CXII. *On a dying Saint.*

1. **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of JESUS go.
2. Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the SAVIOUR stands above;
Shews the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love!
3. Struggle thro' thy latest passion-
To thy dear Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
4. For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die to life, the life of glory
Suffer with thy LORD to reign.

CXIII. *God the Glory and Defence of Sion.*

1. **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy CREATOR'S grace;
Thine holy courts are His abode,
Thou earthly palace of our GOD!
2. Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixt on His counsels, and His love.
3. Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against His throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
4. Then let our souls in Sion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of men and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around!
5. GOD is our shield, and GOD our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace;
And we reflect His brightest praise.

CXIV. *Love to God to Men.*

1. **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
2. Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And soon forgets the past.
3. She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who climb.

4. She

4. She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good ;
So GOD's own SON came down to die,
And sav'd us by his blood.
5. 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
6. This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the bright realms of bliss.

CXV. *Wisdom, or true Religion, its Excellency.*

1. **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race ;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
2. Wisdom divine ! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.
3. Whate'er thy heart can wish is poor
To wisdom's all-sufficient store ;
Pleasure and fame and health and friends,
She all created good transcends.
4. To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy spiritual delights :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.
5. He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends :
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.
6. Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains :

He owns and shall for ever own
Wisdom and CHRIST and heav'n are one.

† CXVI. *The Objects of a Christian's Desires.*

1. **H**APPY the soul, whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies !
He looks on all the joys of time,
With undesiring eyes.
2. In vain soft *pleasure* spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain ;
And *wealth* and *fame* invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.
3. He knows that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay ;
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they fleet away.
4. To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view, their prospects rise
All permanent and bright.
5. His hopes are fix'd on joys to come ;
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.
6. O were these heav'nly prospects mine,
These pleasures could I prove ;
Earth's fleeting views I would resign,
And raise my hopes above !

† CXVII. *A Funeral Thought.*

1. **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound !
My ears, attend the cry !
" Ye living men, come view the ground,
" Where you must shortly lie !
2. " Princes ! this clay must be your bed,
" In spite of all your tow'rs ;
" The

"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
"Must lie as low as ours."

3. Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?
4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky!

* CXVIII. *For Christmas Day.* 4—7.

1. **H**ARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the KING OF KINGS;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God, and sinners reconcil'd!"
2. Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies
With th' angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
3. CHRIST, by highest heav'n ador'd,
CHRIST, the everlasting LORD!
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!
4. Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see!
Hail th' incarnate deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
JESUS, our Immanuel here!
5. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light, and life, and all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
6. Mild, He lays his glory by,
Born — that man no more may die,
Born — to raise the sons of earth,
Born — to give them second birth.

7. Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home!
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head!
8. Now display Thy saving pow'r!
Ruin'd nature now restore!
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

§ CXIX. *Doxology.*

1. **H**ARK! O Hark! how th' angelic
hosts,
Crouding unnumber'd round the throne,
Join with the church, in a loud voice,
To laud the FATHER and the SON.
2. Worthy's the lamb that died, they sing
Of pow'r, riches, wisdom, strength;
With honor too and glory blest'd;
And echo heav'n and earth's extent.
3. Blest'd be, blest'd be, say one and all,
The SEATED on the throne and LAMB;
With honor, pow'r, glory crown'd!
For ever echo'd be by man!

CXX. *For a Fast Day in Time of War.*

1. **H**ARK! the loud trumpet of our God
Sounds an alarm of war;
Attend, O earth! ye nations, hear
And tremble from afar.
2. With humble rev'rence and with awe
We hear the sacred word;
And, trembling, own the sentence just,
Which dooms us to the sword.
3. Nor e'er in war would we repine,
The murd'ring sword to view.

Might

Might the same stroke that wastes the land
Destroy its vices too.

4. But we shall hail the happy day,
Which ends the painful doom ;
When earth shall, like the world above,
In peace and virtue bloom.
5. Still let our songs declare His name,
Who guards our happy race ;
The God of vengeance we adore ;
And bless the God of grace.

§ CXXI. *The Christian's Race.*

1. **H**ARK! the loud trumpet's joyous sound,
From *Sion's* hill is heard,
To rouse the list'ning world around,
To run the race prepar'd.
2. The goal is plac'd beyond the pole,
The course this tract of life ;
Angelic hosts assist each soul,
And death decides the strife.
3. Not stars that deck the azure sky,
(So glorious to behold !)
Can with the num'rous prizes vie,
Bright crowns of shining gold.
4. Yet some slow souls, with heavy pace,
Scarce drag their feet along ;
Or backward shun th' enriching race,
Among the thoughtless throng.
5. But in yon lonely rugged way,
And almost out of sight,
See the choice few, without delay,
Wing their impetuous flight !
6. In love they study to excel,
In truth and righteousness ;
No words their fervent zeal can tell,
Or paint their future bliss.

7. Angels their lyres harmonious touch,
Heav'n's gates wide open lie,
The glories blaze as they approach,
And shoutings rend the sky.

CXXII. *On the Crucifixion.* 6—7s.

1. **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent ;
Break by JESU'S Cross subdu'd ;
See his body mangled rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood !
Sinful soul what hast thou done ?
Murder'd God's eternal son !
2. Yes, your sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix Him here ;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd Him with the soldier's spear ;
Made his soul a sacrifice ;
For a sinful world He dies !
3. Will ye let Him die in vain ?
Still to death pursue your God ?
Open tear his wounds again !
Trample on his precious blood !
No ; with all your sins you'll part ;
And give the Lord a broken heart !

† CXXIII. *Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord.*

1. **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
claims,
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the favour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.
2. They die in JESUS, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3. For

3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the LORD;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

† CXXIV. *For a Funeral. Heaven.*

1. **H**EAVEN! the sound delights the ear
And ravishes the heart;
O may I dwell for ever there,
Have in its joys my part!
2. High seated on majestic throne,
Th' eternal GOD appears;
Puts all His smiling glories on,
And awes at once and cheers.
3. The LAMB (once slain!) at his right-hand,
Assumes his royal seat:
Before Him all the heav'nly band,
With pleasing transports wait.
4. Angels, archangels, seraphim,
Bless'd natives of the place;
And men whom JESUS did redeem,
Made denizens by grace.
5. Each person shines divinely bright,
And GOD's pure image bears;
Each face an air of high delight,
An humble rev'rence wears.
6. In strains celestial ev'ry tongue
Does GOD's due praise proclaim;
And all in concert sing the song
Of Moses and the LAMB.
7. The Hallelujah, once begun,
No pause nor close will know;
But joy and harmony, in one
Perpetual transport flow.
8. To these high strains their minds are bent,
Their very work is rest:

"Admission here to me, LORD, grant
"When shall I thus be blest?"

CXXV. *The Presence of a crucified Saviour
delightful. 6—8.*

1. **H**E comes! descending from above,
With eager flight on wings of love:
What living streams of joy appear?
What bliss divine when Thou art near?
Where'er Thy precious name is found,
Spiciest fragrance breathes around.
2. Thy face, with languid beauties pale,
Outvies the lily of the vale;
Thy garments, roll'd in blood, disclose
The crimson blush of Sharon's rose:
Thro' an eternal round of days,
The golden lyres shall swell Thy praise.

§ CXXVI. *Judgment.*

1. **H**E comes! He comes! the JUDGE
revere;
The seventh trumpet speaks Him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul!
2. From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the almighty JESUS crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the SAVIOUR's face.
3. Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail Him their triumphant LORD.
4. Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most high:
Our LORD, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

† CXXVII.

† CXXVII. *Christ dying, rising, and ascending. Easter. 6 L. M.*

1. **H**E dies! the FRIEND of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men!
But lo! What sudden joys we see!
JESUS, the dead, revives again!

4. The rising GOD forsakes the tomb,
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
How high our great *Deliv'rer* reigns;
And led the monster Death in Chains.

6. Say "Live for ever wond'rous KING!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "*Where's thy sting!*"
"And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

CXXVIII. *Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.*

HE dies! the heav'nly lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings; deep He lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your GOD;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The LORD of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again.

4. The rising GOD forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

6. Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous KING!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's Thy
sting?"
"And where's Thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

† CXXIX. *For a Funeral. Hell.*

PART I.

1. **H**ELL! dreadful sound! the region lies
Without the verge of light;
Where mingling flames, that constant rise,
Add horror to the night.

2. In burning and immortal woe,
The damned welt'ring lie:
Their sorrows shall no period know,
Their worm shall never die.

3. A gnawing guilt will cut the heart
With horror, grief, and shame;
Whilst ev'ry passion does impart
A sad increase of pain.

4. Quite out of reach, tho' still in sight,
The heav'nly glory lies;
They see it far, and to its light
Lift their despairing eyes.

F

5. All

5. All former dear delights are dead ;
Each pleasing scene withdrawn :
"The mem'ry of what once they had
"Remains ; th' enjoyment's gone.

P A R T II.

6. FIERCE fiends insulting stand around
To feed the furious flames ;
From ev'ry quarter groans resound,
Shrieks and despairing screams.
7. Distress'd and rageous, mad with woe,
They bite their heavy chains ;
But with their rage their torments grow :
For ever are their pains.
8. Forever ! who the thought can bear !
Who can forever dwell
In flames, in anguish, and despair,
In an eternal hell !
9. In outer darkness, scorching heat ;
That strange mysterious fire ;
Where sinners feel the second death,
Still die, but can't expire.
10. "Help me to know thy terrors, LORD,
"And now persuaded be ;
"Repent, obey, believe thy word ;
"And future wrath to flee !
11. Let me be pardon'd and approv'd,
In thy beloved SON :
When GOD's appeas'd, and guilt remov'd,
The fear of hell is gone.

† CXXX. *Salvation in the Cross.*

1. **H**ERE at Thy cross, my dying GOD,
I lay my soul beneath Thy love ;
Beneath the droppings of Thy blood,
JESUS, nor shall it e'er remove.

2. Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and light'ning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, *there* to die.
4. But speak, my LORD, and calm my fear :
Am I not safe beneath Thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.
5. Yes, I'm secure beneath Thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim :
Hosanna to my dying GOD,
And my best honours to His name.

§ CXXXI. *God the Avenger of his Saints.*

1. **H**IGH as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the CREATOR, GOD ;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends His awful rod.
2. Let princes of exalted state
To Him ascribe their crown ;
Render their homage at His feet,
And cast their glories down.
3. Know that His kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;
He calls you Gods, that awful name ;
But ye must die like men.
4. Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just ;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS.

51

5. Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think on heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint that ye despise,
Has an avenger there.

† CXXXII. *Invitation to Sinners.*

1. **H**O ev'ry one that thirsts draw near!
'Tis GOD invites the fall'n race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2. Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners obey your MAKER'S voice;
Return ye weary wand'ers home,
And in *redeeming love* rejoice.

3. See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring burthen'd sin-sick souls.

4. Nothing ye shall in exchange give;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of GOD receive,
Pardon and peace in JESUS find.

† CXXXIII. *Christ the Lamb of God.* 7s.

1. **H**OLY LAMB, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live;
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2. Fix, O fix our wav'ring mind,
To thy cross our spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect all our souls in love.

3. Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, Thou SON of GOD,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4. Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n!

* CXXXIV. *Christ's Victory over Satan.*

1. **H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring KING;
The prince of darkness flies;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2. There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

3. *Hosanna* to our conqu'ring KING,
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4. Thy vict'ries and Thy deathless fame
Thro' the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing
The Triumphs Thou hast won.

* CXXXV. *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

1. **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd Himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2. Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our *Emmanuel* rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3. See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his FATHER flies;

F 2

With

With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes!

4. There our exalted SAVIOUR reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our JESUS fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

- [5. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode!
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate GOD!

6. Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things,
Sound our *Emmanuel's* praise.]

* CXXXVI. *Hosanna to Christ.*

1. **H**OSANNA to the royal SON
Of *David's* ancient line;
His nature's two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine!
2. The root of *David* here we find,
And offspring are the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our *Emmanuel's* name.
3. Blest He that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To CHRIST the LORD be giv'n!
4. Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' *Hosanna* on their tongues;
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs!

* CXXXVII. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

1. **H**OSANNA, with a chearful sound,
To GOD's upholding hand;

Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2. The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
3. The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives his prey.
4. Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To GOD's avenging law;
We own Thy grace, IMMORTAL KING,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.
5. GOD is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath His guardian wings.

CXXXVIII. *After a Storm at Sea.*

1. **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
3. When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still

5. In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
6. Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our doom,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

• CXXXIX. *The Blessedness of Gospel Times.*

1. **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on *Sion's* hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
“*Sion*, behold thy SAVIOUR KING,
“He reigns and triumphs here!
3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!
4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight!
5. Christians unite their voice,
And, tuneful notes employ;
Their SAVIOUR's praise inspires their
And heathens learn the joy. [songs,
6. The LORD displays his grace,
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their SAVIOUR and their God!

CXL. *Marks of a Christian.*

1. **H**OW glorious, LORD, art Thou
How bright Thy splendors shine
Whose rays reflected gild thy saints
With ornaments divine.
2. With *lowliness* and *love*,
Wisdom and *courage* meet;
The *grateful* heart, the *cheerful* eye,
How *amiable*, how *sweet*!
3. In beauties such as these
Thy children now are drest;
But brighter habits shall they wear
In regions of the blest.
4. O GOD of Israel, hear,
And make this bliss our own!
Make us the children of Thy care,
The members of Thy son!

† CCLI. *The Soul unhappy 'till pardoned.*

1. **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
'Till CHRIST, with his reviving light,
Upon our souls arise!
2. Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But, in *thy righteousness* array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
3. Unholy and impure
Our thoughts, and words, and ways
Thy hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
4. The pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

CXLII. *The Forgiveness of Sins.*

1. **H**OW high a privilege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiv'n.
To bear about this pledge below,
This special gift of heav'n!
2. To look on this, when sunk in fears;
While each repeated sight,
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,
And makes temptations light!
3. Oh! what is honor wealth or mirth
To this well grounded peace!
How poor are all the goods of earth
To such a gift as this!
4. This is a treasure rich indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can give;
Of this the best of men have need,
The worst may it receive.

* CXLIII. *The Safety and Protection of the Church.*

1. **H**OW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand;
Sion the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!
2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations that obey
The statutes of our king!
4. Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
Ye that have known JEHOVAH'S name,
And ventur'd on His grace.

5. Trust in the LORD, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the LORD JEHOVAH dwells,
Eternal as his years.

§ CXLIV. *A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

1. **H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?
2. When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our LORD appear?
Our fond desires would pray Him down,
Our love embrace Him here.
3. Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are His chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.
4. Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres!
5. I see the LORD of glory come,
And flaming guards around:
The skies divide to make Him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
6. I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise,"
And lo, the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
7. They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air;
In shining garments meet their KING,
And low adore Him there.

8. O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them, cloath'd in white !
The meanest place at His right-hand
Is infinite delight.

9. How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning KING
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing ;

† CXLV. *Happy Frailty.*

1. **H**OW meanly dwells th' immortal
mind !

“ How vile these bodies are !

“ Why was a clod of earth design'd

“ T' inclose a heav'nly star ?

[2. “ Weak cottage where our souls reside !

“ This flesh a tott'ring wall ;

“ With frightful breaches gaping wide,

“ The building bends to fall.

3. “ All round it storms of trouble blow,

“ And waves of sorrow roll ;

“ Cold waves and winter storms beat thro',

“ And pain the tenant soul.]

4. “ Alas ! how frail our state !” said I,

And thus went mourning on ;

Till sudden from the cleaving sky

A gleam of glory shone.

5. My soul all felt the glory come,

And breath'd her native air ;

Then she remember'd heav'n her home,

And she a pris'ner here.

6. Straight she began to change her key ;

And, joyful in her pains,

She sung the frailty of her clay,

In pleasurable strains.

7. “ How weak the pris'n is where I dwell ?

“ Flesh but a tott'ring wall ;

“ The breaches chearfully foretel,

“ The house must shortly fall.

[8. “ No more, my friends, shall I complain,

“ Tho' all my heart-strings ache ;

“ Welcome disease and ev'ry pain,

“ That makes the cottage shake.

9. “ Now let the tempest blow all round,

“ Now swell the surges high ;

“ And beat this house of bondage down,

“ To let the stranger fly.]

10. “ I have a mansion built above

“ By the eternal hand ;

“ And should the earth's old basis move

“ My heav'nly house must stand.

11. “ Yes, for 'tis there my SAVIOUR reigns,

“ (I long to see the GOD)

“ And his immortal strength sustains

“ The courts that cost him blood.”

12. Hark, from on high my SAVIOUR calls !

“ I come, my LORD, my love :”

Devotion breaks the prison walls,

And speeds my last remove.

† CXLVI. *Frailty and Folly.*

1. **H**OW short and hasty is our life !
How vast our souls affairs ?
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2. Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay ;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3. God

3. God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on ;
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
4. Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high ;
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh !

§ CXLVII. *God holy, just, and sovereign.*

1. **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure, before their God ?
If He contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
2. To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence ;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.
3. Strong is His arm, His heart is wise ;
What vain presumers dare
Against their maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war ?
4. Mountains, by His almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.
5. He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears ;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
6. He walks upon the raging sea ;
Flies on the stormy wind ;
There's none can trace His wond'rous way,
Of His dark footsteps find.]

§ CXLVIII. *Redeeming Love.*

1. **H**OW wond'rous are the works of God
Display'd thro' all the world abroad !

Immensely great ! immensely small !
Yet one strange work exceeds them all :

2. He form'd the sun, fair fount of light,
The moon and stars to rule the night ;
But night, and stars, and moon and sun
Are little works compar'd with one.
3. He roll'd the seas and spread the skies,
Made vallies sink, and mountains rise,
The meadows cloath'd with native green,
And bad the rivers glide between ;
4. But what are seas, or skies, or hills
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills
To wonders man was born to prove ?
The wonders of *redeeming* love !
5. 'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel, or angels guess :
Angels that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the LAMB.
6. The highest heav'ns are short of this ;
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss ;
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive ;
Or hope expect, or faith receive.
7. Almighty God breath'd human breath,
The LORD of LIFE experienc'd death ;
How it was done, we can't discuss,
Only we know 'twas done for us :
8. Bless'd with this faith, then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise ;
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the LORD has shed his blood.

§ CXLIX. *The divine Glories above our Reason.*

1. **H**OW wond'rous great, how glorious
Must our CREATOR be ; [bright
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity !

2. Our

2. Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blessed THREE,
And the Almighty ONE.
3. Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath Thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!
- [4. LORD, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.]
5. Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries,
To form an equal song.
- [6. In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious KING;
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.

CL. *In the View of Death.*

1. **I** CANNOT shun the stroke of death,
Lord help me to surmount the fear;
That when I must resign my breath,
Serene I may my summons hear!
2. 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart,
In me let ev'ry sin be slain; [heart;
From secret faults, LORD, cleanse my
From wilful sins, my hands restrain.
3. Grant that I may, with holy zeal,
The ends of living close pursue;
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honor Thee in all I do!
4. To my Redeemer lift mine eyes,
Once dead, but now enthron'd on high;

Glorious, I hope, with Him to rise,
Why should I fear with Him to die?

5. O for an heart that soars above,
And scorns the trifles here below!
An heart all warm'd with holy love,
But dead to sense and outward show!
6. Let all my bliss and treasure lye
Where *in thy light I light shall see!*
The soul may freely dare to die
That longs to be possess'd of Thee.

CLI. *Contentment.*

1. **I** F solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies,
And they are fools that roam:
The world hath nothing to bestow;
From our own-selves our joys must flow,
And peace begins at home.
2. We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind providence hath sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
And if our store be very small,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.
3. We'll be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleas'd with favors given;
This is the wise, the virtuous part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.
4. While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

CLII. *Satan's various Temptations.*

1. **I** HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.
2. He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.
3. Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."
4. He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
"To think of God, or death;
"For pray'r and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."
5. He tells the aged, "They must die,
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry;
"For they have lost their day."]
6. Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.
7. Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell:
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell!

CLIII. *Tasting and Longing.*

1. **I** Have but tasted Canaan's grapes,
And now I long to go.
Where my dear LORD his vineyard keeps,
And where the clusters grow.

2. There on His new and living wine,
My thirsty soul would feast;
And banquet on the fruits divine,
And be my SAVIOUR's guest.

CLIV. *Bewailing my own Inconstancy.*

1. **I** LOVE the LORD; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are;
This wanton heart, how wide it roves,
And fancy meets a thousand loves!
2. I would enjoy my LORD alone, +
And bid my passions all be gone;
All but my love, and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.
3. But cares, or trifles, make or find,
Still new avenues to the mind;
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt my LORD and me.
4. My foolish heart thus leaves her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad;
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?
5. Look gently down, Almighty grace,
Prison me round in Thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let Thy pow'r my love confine.
6. Oh! when shall that bright moment be;
That I shall live alone for Thee;
My heart no foreign Lords adore,
And to Thy love prove false no more?

CLV. *Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.*

1. **I** Love the windows of Thy grace,
Thro' which my LORD is seen;
And long to meet my SAVIOUR's face
Without a glass between.

2. O that

2. O that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to fight!
I shall behold my LORD at home
In a diviner light.
3. Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

† CLVI. *The Duty of private Judgment.*

1. **I**MPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye:
Thy doctrines, LORD, the test invite;
They bid us search and try.
2. LORD, to thy word we bring
A meek, enquiring mind;
And, joyful at salvation's spring
Refreshing truth we find.
3. With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest
Subject to none but Thee.
4. O LORD, our spirit lead,
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed
From prejudice our will.
5. The truth once learn'd impress
With favor on our heart;
And, help us firmly to profess
'Gainst all seducing art.

¶ CLVII. *Look on him whom they have
pierc'd, and mourn.*

1. **I**NFINITE Grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding LORD!

Hell and the *Jews* conspir'd his death,
And us'd the *Roman* sword.

2. Oh the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore;
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore!
3. But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the *Roman* bands,
And the more spiteful *Jews*.
4. 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
5. 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon His guiltless head:
Break, break my heart! oh burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed!
6. Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow;
And deep repentance drown mine eyes,
In undissembled woe.

CLVIII. *Good Works. (a)*

1. **I**N vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say and all they do.
2. The true believer fears the LORD,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,
Commits his works to GOD alone,
And seeks *His* will before his own.
3. A barren tree, that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root:

When

When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"

4. Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline:
The christian works with all his pow'r,
And grieves that he can work no more.

† CLIX. *Longing for Christ.*

1. **I**N vain the dusky night retires,
And sullen shadows fly:
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the eastern sky:
2. In vain the gaudy rising sun
The wide horizon gilds;
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,
And cheers the dewy fields:
3. In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
The morning breezes play;
In vain the birds with cheerful songs
Salute the new-born day:
4. In vain! unless my SAVIOUR's face
These gloomy clouds controul;
And dissipate the fullen shades
That press my drooping soul.
5. O! visit then thy servant, LORD,
With favor from on high;
Arise, my bright immortal sun!
And all these shades will die.
6. When, when shall I behold thy face,
All radiant and serene;
Without these envious dusky clouds
That make a veil between!
7. When shall that long-expected day
Of sacred vision be;
When my impatient soul shall make
A near approach to Thee?

† CLX. *The rich Sinner dying.*

1. **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain;
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
2. Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads;
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.
3. The ling'ring, the unwilling, soul
The dismal summons must obey;
And bid a long, a sad, farewell
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
4. Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where *kings* and *slaves* have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

CLXI. *Parting with carnal Joys.*

1. **I** Send the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind;
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
2. Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
3. LORD, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.
4. Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5. There

5. There from the bosom of my GOD,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

• CLXII. *Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

1. **I** SING my SAVIOUR'S wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
" 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
2. " 'Tis finish'd," our Emmanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall His sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
3. His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown;
When thro' the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.
4. Exalted at his FATHER'S side
Sits our victorious LORD;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
5. The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of His frowns.

• CLXIII. *God's Attributes and Providence.*

- I** SING th' almighty pow'r of GOD,
That bade the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3. I sing the goodness of the LORD,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
4. LORD, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eyes;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
5. There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
6. Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
7. His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the LORD
Who is for ever nigh?

¶ CLXIV. *A Complaint of Ingratitude.*

1. **I** S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
2. To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind?
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And GOD as strangely kind?
3. On us He bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.
4. The brutes obey their GOD,
And bow their necks to men;

G

But

But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject His easy reign.]

5. Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh!
6. Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise!

‡ CLXV. *Longing for Glory.*

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I go to thee?
When shall my labors have an end,
Thy joys that I may see?
2. Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold!
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant fruits,
Continually are green;
There are such sweet and pleasant flow'rs,
As ne'er before were seen.
4. If heav'n be thus glorious, LORD,
Why am I kept from thence?
What folly is't that makes me loth
To die, and go from hence?
5. For there my dear REDEEMER dwells,
Him would I gladly see!
And all my friends in CHRIST below,
Will soon come after me.
6. Reach down, O LORD, Thy arm of grace,
And help me to ascend,
Where the assemblies ne'er break up,
And sabbaths ne'er will end.

‡ CLXVI. *To begin Worship.*

1. JESU, attend, Thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
2. Thou GOD, that answerest by fire,
The spirit of burning now impart;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.
3. Truly our fellowship below
With Thee and with thy father is;
In Thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliss.
4. In part we only know Thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold Thee near,
And we shall all be lost in love.

CLXVII. *At the parting of Friends.*
4—6 and 2—8.

1. JESUS, accept the praise
That to Thy name belongs,
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs;
Thro' Thee we now together came,
And part exulting in Thy name!
2. In flesh we part a-while
(But still in spirit join'd)
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast for each assign'd:
And while we do Thy blessed will,
We bear our heav'n about us still.
3. O let us then go on
In all Thy pleasant ways;
And arm'd with patience run
With joy th' appointed race;

Keep us, and ev'ry seeking soul,
Till all attain the heav'nly goal !

4. There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting is no more :
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp Thee in the flaming skies.
5. O happy, happy day,
That calls Thy exiles home !
The heav'ns shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom,
Earth we shall view, and heav'n destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.
6. These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies :
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise ;
These lips His praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.
7. According to His word,
His oath to sinners giv'n,
We look to see restor'd
The ruin'd earth and heav'n ;
In a new world His truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.
8. Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor to be found
Of Him in spotless peace ;
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with CHRIST and meet for GOD.

§ CLXVIII. *The Son of God abased.*

1. JESUS ! all praise is due to Thee,
That Thou wert pleas'd a man to be !

A virgin's womb Thou didst not scorn ;
With shouts of angels Thou wast born.

2. Th' eternal FATHER'S ONLY SON,
Takes up a manger for His throne :
The everlasting lov'reign good
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood.
3. Whom earth could not contain, nor skies,
He on a woman's lap now lies ;
He, who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little infant made.
4. The SON, the mighty GOD confess'd,
In his *own world* becomes a guest !
And therefore poor on earth He came,
That we might all his riches claim.
5. The everlasting light we view,
Giving the world a lustre new ;
His beams dispel the dusky night,
And make us children of the light.
6. For us these wonders He hath wrought,
To shew His love surpassing thought ;
For this we all will joyful be,
And thank Him thro' eternity.

† CLXIX. *Desiring Christ's Descent to Earth.*

1. JESUS, I love. Come dearest name !
Come and possess this heart of mine !
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.
2. O ! if my LORD would leave the skies,
Drest in the rays of mildest grace ;
My soul should hasten to my eyes,
To meet the pleasures of his face.
3. How would I feast on all His charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine !
Worship and love, in all their forms,
Should honor beauty so divine.

4. In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
The world in vain should bid me move;
In vain; for I should gaze so long,
Till I were all transform'd to love.
5. Then, mighty GOD, I'd sing and say,
"What empty names are crowns and kings?
"Amongst 'em give these worlds away,
"These little despicable things."
6. I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode;
I have a heav'n as bright and high,
In the blest vision of my GOD.

CLXX. *Christ a Shelter under a sense of Sin.* 4—7 or 8—7s.

1. JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!
3. Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
Boundless love in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind,
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;

Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plentiful grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

† CLXXI. *Relieving Christ in his Members.*

1. JESUS, our LORD, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?
2. High on a throne of radiant light,
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine?
3. But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace;
And will confess their humble names
Before Thy father's face.
4. In them Thou may'st be cloath'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
Our saviour's voice is heard.
5. Thy face with Rev'rence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from Thee!

§ CLXXII. *The Ascension.* 4—7.

1. JESUS, our triumphant head,
Ris'n victorious from the dead,

- To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.
2. Cherubs on the conqueror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze :
Each bright order of the sky
Hail Him as He passes by.
 3. Heav'n its king congratulates,
Opens wide her golden gates ;
Angels songs of vict'ry sing,
All the blissful regions ring.
 4. Saints the glorious triumph greet,
See their enemies at his feet ;
By his scars his toils are view'd
And his garments roll'd in blood!
 5. Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs ;
For *Redemption* all is ours !
None but burden'd sinners prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.
 6. Hail, Thou dear, thou worthy LORD !
Holy LAMB, incarnate word !
Hail Thou suffering SON of GOD !
Take the trophies of thy blood.

CLXXIII. *Christ's Message.*

1. JESUS, the rising LORD of all,
His love to man commends,
Poor worms He blushes not to call
His brethren and His friends.
2. Who basely all forsook their LORD
In His distress, and fled,
To these He sends the joyful word,
When risen from the dead.
3. Go tell the vile deserters ! No :
My dearest brethren tell,
Their advocate to heav'n I go,
To rescue them from Hell.

4. LO ! to my FATHER I ascend !
Your FATHER now is he,
My GOD, and Yours, whoe'er depend
For endless life on Me.
5. Henceforth I ever live above,
For you to intercede ;
The merit of my dying love,
For all mankind to plead.
6. Sinners, I rose again to shew
Your sins are all forgiv'n ;
And mount above the skies, that you
May follow me to heav'n.

CLXXIV. *Whitsunday, desiring the Comforter.* 6—8.

1. JESUS we hang upon the word,
Our faithful souls have heard of thee ;
Be mindful of thy promise, LORD,
Thy promise made to *all* and *me*,
Thy foll'wers, who thy steps pursue,
And dare believe that God is true.
2. Thou said'st I will the Father pray,
And he the PARACLETE shall give ;
Shall give him in your hearts to *stay*,
And never more his temple leave.
Myself will to my orphans come,
And make you mine eternal home.
3. Come then, dear LORD, Thyself reveal,
And let the promise *now* take place ;
Be it according to thy will
According to thy word of grace ;
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the COMFORTER.
4. He visits now the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaints ;
But soon we lose the transient guest,
Too soon we droop again and faint ;

Repeat the melancholy moan,
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!

5. Hasten Him, LORD, into our heart,
Our sure inseparable guide;
O might we meet and never part!
O might He in our hearts *abide*!
And keep his house of praise and pray'r,
And rest and reign for *ever* there!

CLXXV. *Christ our Righteousness.*

1. JESU, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
2. When from the dust of earth I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"JESUS hath liv'd and died for me."
3. Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, and guilt and shame.
4. Thus *Abraham*, the friend of GOD,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
SAVIOUR of sinners Thee proclaim,
Sinners of whom the chief I am.
5. This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years,
No age can change its glorious hue
The grace of CHRIST is ever new,
6. O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
JESUS the LORD our *righteousness*.

CLXXVI. *The Holy Scriptures.*

1. LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my LORD;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in Thy written word.
2. The volume of my FATHER's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my SAVIOUR's face
Almost in ev'ry page.
- [3. This is the *field*, where hidden lies
The *pearl* of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.]
4. Here consecrated *water* flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the *fair tree of knowledge* grows,
Nor danger dwells therein:
5. 'Tis is the *judge* that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My *guide* to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.
6. O may thy counsels, mighty GOD,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right-hand!

CLXXVII. *The Travellers.*

1. LEADER of faithful souls, our guide!
We travel to the sky;
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide;
Who would on thee rely!
2. Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth is not our place;
We hasten thro' the vale of woe,
Restless to view Thy face.

3. We have no biding city here,
But seek one out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer
Up to the plains of light.
4. Patient th' appointed race to run,
This world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
Jerusalem to find.
5. Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
With longing eyes look up;
Our hearts and pray'rs before us send
Our scouts of faith and hope.
6. Who bring us news of *Sion* near,
That palace of our KING;
We soon shall see the tow'rs appear,
They're nearer while we sing.
7. Thro' Thee, who all our sins hath borne,
And graciously forgiv'n;
With songs to *Sion* we return,
And to our native heav'n.
8. E'en now we taste the pleasures there,
A cloud of odours comes;
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweet as *Araby's* gums.
9. Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We run with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join,
Upon the mount of GOD.

CLXXVIII. *Righteousness the Source of Peace.*

1. **L**EAVE, O our souls, the tents of sin;
How false her joys appear!
Noise and confusion dwell within;
Peace is a stranger there.
2. Peace never fixed her sacred throne
So near the gates of hell;

- She reigns in pious breasts alone,
Where heav'nly graces dwell.
3. The men, who keep the laws of GOD,
His choicest blessings share;
Or if he lifts his chatt'ning rod,
'Tis with a father's care.
 4. His mighty pow'r shall guard the just,
His wisdom point their way;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust;
His hand revive their clay.
 5. Begin, ye saints, the joyful task;
His praise employ your tongue;
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song.

CLXXIX. *The Excellency of the Christian Religion.*

1. **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, our SAVIOUR, and our
LORD;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.
- [2. What if we trace the globe around,
And search from *Britain* to *Japan*;
There shall be no religion found
So just to GOD, so safe for man?]
3. In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to CHRIST alone.
4. How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- [5. Not the sam'd fields of Heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;

Nor

Nor does the *Turkish* paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6. Should all the forms, that men devise,
Assault our faith with treach'rous arts;
We'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to our hearts.

§ CLXXX. *The Invitation of the Gospel.*

2. **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice!
2. Ho, all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind;
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind!
3. Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
4. Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die;
Here ye may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry!
5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.
- [6. Ye perishing and naked poor;
Who work, with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin!
7. Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God;
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dy'd in His own blood!]

8. Dear God, the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!
9. The happy gates of Gospel-grace
Stand open night and day;
LORD, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away!

CLXXXI. *Christ our Strength.*

1. **L**ET me but hear my SAVIOUR say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day:"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
2. I glory in infirmity,
That CHRIST's own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and CHRIST my song.
3. I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my LORD be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left-hand my head sustains.
4. But if the LORD be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone;
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is:
5. So *Sampson*, when his hair was lost,
Met the *Philistines* to his cost,
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprize,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

CLXXXII. *God our Preserver.*

1. **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O LORD, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2. Fresh

2. Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
3. Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!
4. But 'tis our GOD supports our frame,
The GOD who form'd us first;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
5. While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would heave no more.

† CLXXXIII. *Christian Love.*

1. **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and Bond and Free
Are ONE in CHRIST their head.
2. Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance
With mutual blessings crown'd.
3. Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.
4. Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

CLXXXIV. *An Ordination Hymn.*

1. **L**ET Sion's watch-men all awake,
And take th' alarm they give!
Now let them from the mouth of GOD,
Their awful charge receive!
2. 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart;
And's in the SAVIOUR's hands.
3. They watch for souls (for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego)
For souls, which must for ever live,
In raptures, or in woe.
4. All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And should'st Thou strictly mark our faults,
LORD, where should we appear!
5. May they, that JESUS whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see!
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee!

* CLXXXV. *Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.*

1. **L**ET them neglect Thy glory, LORD,
Who never knew Thy grace;
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of Thy praise.
2. We raise our shouts, O GOD, to thee,
And send them to Thy throne;
All glory be ascribed to
Thy ever blessed son!
3. 'Twas He (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;

"Tis He restores our ruin'd frame ;
Salvation to the LORD !

4. *Hosanna* ! let the earth and skies,
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round !

§ CLXXXVI. *The Day of Judgment.*

PART I.

1. **L**ET the sev'nth angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the
Kings of the earth, with glad accord, [sky ;
Give up your kingdoms to the LORD !
2. Almighty GOD, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come !
JESUS, the LAMB, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign !
3. The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more ;
On wings of vengeance flies our GOD,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
4. Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the LORD
Receive an infinite reward.

PART II.

5. SEE where the great incarnate GOD
Fills a majestic throne ;
While from the skies his awful voice,
Bears the last judgment down.
6. " Such favors as a GOD can give
" My royal grace bestows ;
" Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams,
" Where life and pleasure flows !

- [7. " The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
" I'll own him for a son ;
" The whole creation shall reward
" The conquest he has won.

8. " But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithless and the scoffing crew,
" That spurn at offer'd grace.
9. " They shall be taken from my sight,
" Bound fast in iron chains ;
" And headlong plung'd into the lake
" Where fire and darkness reigns."]

10. O may I stand before the LAMB,
When earth and seas are fled ;
And hear the judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head !

CLXXXVII. *Custom in Sin.*

1. **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives ;
Then may the wicked turn to GOD,
And change their tempers and their lives.
2. As well might *Ethiopian* slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin ;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.
3. Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least controul ;
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.
4. Great GOD, I own Thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine ;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace !

CLXXXVIII. *Life the Day of Grace.*

1. **L**IFE is the time to serve the LORD,
The time to insure the great reward ;
And

And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

[2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3. The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[4. Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5. There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

6. Then what our thoughts design to do,
Our hands, with all your might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

§ CLXXXIX. *Public Worship.* 6—8s.

1. **L**O, God is here ! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
And silent bow before his face !
*Who know His pow'r, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.*

2. Lo, God is here ! Him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing :
To Him enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's hosts their noblest praises bring :
*Disdain not, LORD, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a flaming tongue.*

3. Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone :
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ;
O take, O seal them for thy own !
*Thou art the God, thou art the Lord ;
Be Thou by all thy works ador'd !*

4. Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sov'reign will.
*To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !*

5. In Thee we move. All things of thee
Are full, Thou source and life of all !
Thou vast unfathomable sea !
Ye sons of men, fall prostrate fall ;
*In wonder lost, for God is man !
All may we lose, so Thee we gain !*

6. As flow'rs their op'ning leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire ;
So may we catch th' enliv'ning ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire :
*Thou beam of the eternal beam,
Thou purging fire, Thou quick'ning flame !*

CXC. *Christ's second Coming.* 6—7. (a)

1. **L**O ! He comes with clouds descending
Once for favor'd sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah, praise the Lord ;
God appears on earth to reign.

2. Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;

Those

(a) Drop the *Italicks* and use Oliver's tune.

Those that set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree ;
With weeping, deeply wailing ;
Shall the true Messiah see.

3. The dear tokens of his passion,
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers ;
O with what *joyous* rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !
4. Yea, Amen ! Let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
SAVIOUR, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own :
Hosanna, Jah, Jehovah,
Everlasting God, come down !

¶ CXCI. *Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and
unsanctified Affections.*

1. **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, LORD ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word !
2. Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of Thy grace
My mem'ry can retain !
- [3. My dear Almighty, and my GOD,
How little art Thou known,
By all the judgments of Thy rod,
And blessings of Thy throne !]
- [4. How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !]

5. Great GOD, Thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give Thy word success ;
Write the salvation in my heart,
And make me learn the grace !

- [6. Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

• CXCII. *Praise to God.* 7s.

1. **L**ORD, and GOD of heav'nly pow'rs,
Theirs — yet oh benignly ours ;
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant Thy name !
2. Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and arch-angels join ;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.
3. Holy, holy, holy LORD,
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd !
Full of Thee they ever cry
Glory be to GOD most high !

† CXCIH. *A Sinner pleading for Mercy.*

1. **L**ORD, at thy feet a sinner lies,
And knocks at mercy's door ;
With heavy heart and downcast eyes
Thy favor to implore.
2. On me, the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love ;
Take all my heinous guilt away,
My heavy guilt remove.
3. I sink, with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell ;
Oh ! give my troubled spirits rest,
My num'rous fears dispel !

4. 'Tis mercy, mercy I implore,
I would Thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou Thyself art love.
5. Oh, for Thy own, for JESU'S sake,
My many sins forgive;
Thy grace my rocky heart can break,
And breaking soon relieve!
6. Thus melt me down; thus make me bend,
And Thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess Thy throne!

CXCIV. *Devoted to God.*

1. **L**ORD, by profession we are thine,
Devoted to thy will;
O, may we ev'ry law divine
With constant zeal fulfil!
2. From common and inferior things
We now divided stand,
Subjects unto the king of kings,
And all at his command.
3. O may we always live and act,
Becoming such a claim!
And never more commit a fact
Which will disgrace our name!
4. Nay, we would still in zeal improve,
Grow more devoted still;
Feel more the force of holy love,
And better do thy will.

† CXCIV. *For a Sick Person.*

1. **L**ORD, hear a restless wretch's groans!
To Thee my soul in secret moans:
My body's weak, my heart's unclean;
I pine with sickness and with sin,

2. My strength decays, my spirits droop;
Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look up:
I lose my life, I lose my soul,
Except thy mercy make me whole.
3. The saviour knows what's to be sick
And, tho' Almighty, has been weak:
Sin he had none, and yet did die
For guilty sinners such as I.
4. Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode,
Oh! heal them with thy balmy blood!
And if Thou dost my health restore;
LORD, let me ne'er offend thee more!
5. Or if I never more must rise,
And death's cold hand must close my eyes;
Pardon my sins, and take me home:
O come, LORD JESUS, quickly come!

CXCVI. *We should not anxiously pry into Futurities.*

1. **L**ORD, how mysterious are Thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our
praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
2. Thy deep decrees, from creature sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.
3. Great GOD, I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.
4. Is darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust Thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through ev'ry cloud shall shine.

5. Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below ; [request
"That CHRIST is mine."—This great
Grant, bounteous GOD, and I am blest.

† CXCVII. *A good Conscience.*

1. **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they,
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin ?
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
2. The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And, soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- [3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come
But fly not half so fast away ; [on,
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.
4. How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow ;
And longing hopes and chearful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow]
5. They scorn to pine for golden toys ;
But spend the day, and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
That heav'n prepares for their delight.
6. But wretched men, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below :
Almighty Grace, renew their souls,
And they'll aspire to glory too !

† CXCVIII. *Conviction of Sin by the Law.*

1. **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2. My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright ;
But since the precept came,
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.
- [3. My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
4. Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again ;
I had provok'd a dreadful GOD,
And all my hopes were slain.]
5. I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the pow'r of sin ;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
6. My GOD, I cry, with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save ;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave !

§ CXCVIX. *God's Omniscience and providential Care.*

1. **L**ORD, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eye !
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
2. There's not a plant, or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
3. Creatures as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But GOD is present there.

Thy hand is our perpetual guard,
Thou keep'st us with thine eye;
Why should we then forget Thee, LORD,
Who art for ever nigh?

§ CC. *The Rapture.*

1. **L**ORD! if one distant glimpse of Thee
Thus elevates the soul!
In what a height of extacy
Do those blest spirits roll!
2. Who, by a fix'd eternal view,
Drink in immortal rays;
To whom, unveiled, Thou dost shew
Thy smiles without allays!
3. An object, which if mortal eyes
Could make approaches to;
They'd soon esteem their best lov'd toys
Not worth one scornful view.
4. How then, beneath its load of flesh,
Would the vex'd soul complain?
And how the friendly hand she'd bless,
Would break her hated chain?

+ CCI. *For a publick Fast.*

1. **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r
For this our sinful land!
2. If some have oft in private pray'd
Our country might find grace;
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place!
3. Or if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their sin,
They have not cried for mercy yet;
LORD, let them now begin.

4. By thy son's death poor sinners live,
Thro' whom our pray'rs succeed;
For him, the praying spirit give,
And we shall pray indeed!
5. We will not slack, nor give Thee rest;
But importune Thee so,
That 'till we shall by Thee be blest,
We will not let Thee go.
6. Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring!
Guide those that hold the helm!
Support the state; preserve the king;
And spare the guilty realm!
7. Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God!
8. Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy SON!
Give us his gospel and his grace;
And then thy will be done!

CCII. *A Charity Hymn.*

- L**ORD, thou hast said, both high and low,
Must at thy bar appear;
And give a strict account of all
Their trusts and talents here.
2. Help us to learn, from thy own word,
What we should do and be!
Help us to act a faithful part,
As stewards unto Thee!
 3. Thine is my all; yet such Thy grace,
What I expend on *thine*
Shall be repaid with large increase,
And richly add to *mine*.
 4. Yea, thou'lt accept as done to Thee,
What for Thy glory's done;

And at the great decisive day,
Each act of kindness own.

5. Do thou, my God, enlarge my heart,
And open wide my hand;
That *here* I may my trust discharge,
And *there* triumphant stand!

CCIII. *The Pilgrimage of the Saints.*

1. **L**ORD! thro' what wretched ground
we go,
Where pricking thorns abound;
Where mortal poisons copious grow,
The streams are dang'rous found.
2. Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land;
LORD! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at Thy command.
- [3. Our souls shall tread the desert thro'
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]
- [4. A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But *Judah's* lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]
- [5. Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.]
- [6. By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.]
7. Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;

Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at *Sion's* hill.

- [8. See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There *JESUS*, the fore-runner, waits
To welcome travellers home.]
9. There, on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary souls shall sit;
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.
- [10. No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]
11. Eternal glories to the KING
That brought us safely thro'!
Our tongue shall never cease to sing.
And endless praise renew.

CCIV. *The Darkeness of Providence.*

1. **L**ORD! we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence;
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
2. Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We thro' the cloud believe Thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
3. Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars, and the night.
4. Dear father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below;
Still will we lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'!

† CCV. *God our Support.*

- L**ORD, we adore thy wond'rous name,
And make that name our trust;
Which rais'd at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.
2. By dust supported, still it stands,
Wrought up to various forms;
Prepar'd by Thy creating hands
To nourish mortal worms.
3. A while these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to clay.
4. Yet LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That He, by whom this frame was rear'd,
Its various weakness knows.
5. Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
Whilst struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers Thou art nigh,
Our FATHER, and our GOD.
6. Gently supported by Thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.

§ CCVI. *God invisible.*

1. **L**ORD! we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O'tis beyond a creature-mind,
To glance a thought half way to GOD!
2. Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone;
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3. The LORD of Glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright;
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
4. Yet, glorious LORD, Thy gracious eyes
Look thro', and chear us from above;
Beyond our praise Thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love!

CCVII. *Longing to praise Christ better.*

1. **L**ORD! when our thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of Thy soul:
And read our Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by Thy cross.
2. When we behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of Thine,
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by His FATHER's side.
3. Our passions rise and soar above,
We're wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would we reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
4. But our heart fails, our tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below Thy victories.
5. Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here;
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

† CCVIII. *The welcome Messenger.*

1. **L**ORD! when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath;

H 3

With

- With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death :
2. How we could e'en contend, to lay
Our limbs upon that bed !
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.
 3. Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place ;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.
 4. JESUS, then purge our crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates our fears ;
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears !
 5. Oh ! if our threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting ;
We could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.
 6. Away, these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet ;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.
 7. We'd leap at once our seventy years,
We rush into his arms ;
And lose our breath, and all our cares,
Amidst those heav'nly charms.
 8. Joyful we'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay ;
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch, and soar away.

§ CCIX. *A Vision of Christ's Kingdom.*

1. **L**O, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are past away,
And the old rolling skies.

2. From the third heav'n, where GOD resides,
That holy, happy place,
The *New Jerusalem* comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
3. Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing ;
" Mortals, behold the sacred seat
" Of your descending king :
4. " The GOD of glory down to men
" Removes his blest abode ;
" Men the dear objects of his grace,
" And He the loving GOD.
5. " His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
" From ev'ry weeping eye ;
" And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
" And death itself shall die." [fears,
6. How long, dear SAVIOUR, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day !

CCX. *No Rest on Earth.*

1. **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires ;
Toft to and fro his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
2. In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind ;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
3. So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4. Great

4. Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd!

CCXI. *Meekness.*

1. **M**ARK, when tempestuous winds arise,
The wild confusion and uproar;
All ocean mixing with the skies,
And wrecks are dash'd upon the shore.
2. Not less confusion racks the mind
By its own fierce ideas tost;
Calm reason is to rage resign'd,
And in the whirl of passion lost.
3. O self tormenting child of pride,
Anger, bred up in hate and strife!
Ten thousand ills, by thee supplied,
Mingle the cup of bitter life.
4. Happy the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer ev'ning's ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
5. No friendships broke their bosom sitting,
No jars their peaceful tent invade;
Safe underneath th' almighty's wing,
And foes to none, of none afraid.
6. Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
With thy whole self our souls possess;
Passion and pride be hence exil'd,
Then shall our frame thine own express.

CCXII. *A living and a dead Faith.*

1. **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of
heav'n,
And make their empty boast

Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To CHRIST, the living head.

3. 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4. 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial Pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail,
In the decisive hour.

- [5. Faith must *obey* the FATHER's will,
As well as *trust* his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.]

6. When from the curse He sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his SON to be
The minister of sin.

7. His spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
JESUS and his salvation came
By *water* and by *blood*]

† CCXIII. *The Example of Christ.*

1. **M**Y dear REDEEMER, and my
LORD!
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy father's will,

Such,

Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of Thy pray'r ;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
4. Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name
Amongst the foll'wers of the LAMB.

† CCXIV. *Complaining of spiritual Sloth.*

1. **M**Y drowzy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
Awake my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
2. The little ants for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live !
3. We, for whose use this globe yet stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above :
4. We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown,
He purchas'd with his blood ?
5. LORD, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts !
6. Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

CCXV. *A Song for Morning or Evening.*

1. **M**Y God, how endless is Thy love ?
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowzy pow'rs.
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

CCVI. *God all, and in all.*

1. **M**Y God ! my life ! my love !
To Thee, to Thee I call ;
I cannot live, if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.
- [2. Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon, where I dwell :
'Tis paradise, when Thou art here,
If Thou depart, 'tis hell.]
- [3. The smiles of Thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heav'n to rest in Thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]
- [4. To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne ;
And dwell where JESUS is.]
- [5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place ;
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.]

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, LORD!
7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- [8. To Thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from Thee I lie;
Dear JESUS, raise me high'r!]

CCXVII. *God my only Happiness.*

1. **M**Y GOD, my portion, and my love!
My everlasting All!
I've none but Thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- [2. What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my GOD.]
- [3. In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis Thy sweet beams create my noon,
If Thou withdraw, 'tis night.
4. And whilst upon my restless bed
Amongst the shades I roll;
If my REDEEMER shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]
5. To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my GOD,
6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee?

Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or ail my friends to me?

7. Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
8. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

† CCXVIII. *Submission under Affliction.*

1. **M**Y GOD, thy wisdom I adore,
Nor will I doubt thy love;
Tho' with Afflictions long and sore
Thou should'st my faults reprove.
2. Thy just resentments have been slow,
Thy stripes have gentle been,
Compar'd with my deserts, I know,
And with my heinous sin.
3. Thou, LORD, in all my griefs and pains
Dost still a father prove;
My sinking heart thy hand sustains,
And can I doubt thy love?
4. My GOD, I know thou dost intend
My greatest good in all;
The errors of my life to mend,
And to refine my soul.
5. Work thou thy will in thine own way;
And, tho' I feel thy rod,
With grateful heart I still will say
My father and my God!

† CCXIX. *Delight in God.*

1. **M**Y GOD, what endless pleasures dwell
Above, at Thy right-hand!

The

- The courts below, how amiable,
Where all Thy graces stand !
2. The swallow near Thy temple lies,
And chirps a chearful note ;
The lark mounts upward to Thy skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.
3. And we, when in Thy presence, LORD !
We shout with joyful tongues ;
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
4. While JESUS shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing, and mount on high ;
But if a frown becloud His face,
We faint and tire and die.
- [5. Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state ;
Wand'ring she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.
6. Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove ;
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
When JESUS hides his love.]

¶ CCXX. *Hardness of Heart complained of.*

1. **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is !
How heavy here it lies !
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice.
2. Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne ;
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.
3. How seldom do I rise to GOD,
Or taste the joys above ?
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4. When smiling Mercy courts my soul
With all its heav'nly charms ;
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.
5. Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood ;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a GOD.
6. Dear SAVIOUR steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea !
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

§ CCXXI. *God's Word is most certain.*

1. **M**Y hiding place, my refuge tow'r
And shield art Thou, O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.
2. Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.
3. The sacred word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice, which rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises.

CCXXII. *Faith assisted by Sense.*

1. **M**Y SAVIOUR, GOD, my sov'reign
prince,
Reigns far above the skies ;
But brings His graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.
2. My eyes and ears shall bless His name,
They read and hear His word ;

My

My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the LORD.

3. Baptifmal water is design'd
To seal His cleansing grace;
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4. But not the waters of the flood
Can make my flesh so clean;
As by His spirit and His blood,
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5. Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines
So much my heart refresh;
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
And feeds upon His flesh.

6. I love the LORD, that stoops so low
To give His word a seal;
But the rich grace His hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

† CCXXIII. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

1. **M**Y soul! come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands;
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

[2. And you, mine eyes! look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3. O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead!

4. Then we should see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms,

[5. How we should scorn these cloaths of flesh,
These fetters, and this load!
And long for ev'ning, to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

6. We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

† CCXXIV. *Parting with carnal Joys.*

1. **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2. No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your pow'r.

3. There's nothing round this spacious earth,
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joys and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

[4. Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd;
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5. Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.]

6. Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

CCXXV. *Death and Eternity.*

† 1. **M**Y thoughts, that often mount the
skies,

Go, search the world beneath;
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sov'reign, death.

2. The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!

And heaps of dust and bones appear,
'Thro' all the hollow ground.

3. These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!

'These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

4. But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying clay?

My thoughts, now stretch out all your
And trace Eternity. [wings,

5. O that unfathomable sea!

Those deeps without a shore!

Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

6. Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea;

Vain are our groans and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

7. There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;

While the pale carcass thoughtless lies,
Amongst the silent graves.

[8. Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,

"These once were strong, as mine appear,
"And mine must be as they."]

9. Thus shall our mould'ring members teach,
What now our senses learn;

For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

§ CCXXVI. *The Day of Judgment.*

1. **M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings,
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away!

2. Behold the fiery deluge roll
Through heav'n's wide arch from pole to
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast, [pole!
Tremble and fall ye starry host!

3. This wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4. **L**ORD, to my eyes this scene display,
Frequent through each returning day;
And let Thy grace my soul prepare,
To meet its full redemption there!

† CCXXVII. *Submission under Afflictions.*

1. **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2. The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrow'd Now,
'To be repaid Anon.

3. 'Tis **G**OD that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name)
He takes but what He gave.

4. Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh

Be silent at His sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5. If smiling Mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the Justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

§ CCXXVIII. *A Song of Praise to God from Great-Britain.*

1. **N**ATURE with all her pow'rs shall
sing
GOD the CREATOR and the KING:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- [2. Begin to make his glories known,
Ye angels that surround his throne;
Exalt your strains, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]
- [3. All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert you force and own his name;
Whilst, with our souls and with our voice,
We sing his honors and our joys.]
- [4. To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
In ev'ry word a miracle.]
5. Yet mighty GOD, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

CCXXIX. *A happy Resurrection.*

1. **N**O, I'll repine at death no more:
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2. Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust!
My GOD shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.
3. Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear LORD, and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!
- [4. Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face;
And hear the language of those lips,
Where GOD has shed his richest grace.]
- [5. Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay;
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

CCXXX. *Vain Prosperity.*

1. **N**O, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow prophanely great
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height.
2. They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod:
Well, they may search the creature thro'
For they have ne'er a GOD.
3. Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.
4. Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5. Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my redeemer's mine.

CCXXXI. *Heaven invisible and holy.*

1. **N**OR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the FATHER has prepar'd
For those that love the SON.
2. But the good SPIRIT of the LORD
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
3. Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
4. Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the LAMB.
5. He keeps the FATHER'S book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

CCXXXII. *Charity and Uncharitableness.*

1. **N**OT diff'rent food, or diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdoms of our LORD;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.
2. When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the Gospel mighty wrong;
For GOD the gracious and the wise
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3. Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue:
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the gentile, or the Jew.

† CCXXXIII. *Afflictions and Death under Providence.*

1. **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance!
2. As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.
3. Yet with my GOD I leave my cause,
And trust His promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws,
Of love and righteousness.
4. Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my FATHER please.

‡ CCXXXIV. *Felicity Above.*

1. **N**O, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;
For bliss can ne'er be found,
'Till we arrive where JESUS is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.
2. There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy GOD.
3. 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste His love,
To feel His quick'ning grace;
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to see His face.

CCXXXV. Sinai and Sion.

1. **N**OT to the terrors of the LORD,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which GOD on Sinai spoke;
2. But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our GOD;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.
3. Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloath'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to fight!
4. Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n;
And GOD, the judge of all declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n!
5. The saints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in CHRIST, their living head,
And of His grace partake.
6. In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where JESUS is,
Must be forever blest.

CCXXXVI. Christ unseen and beloved.

1. **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the LORD,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love Him in his word.
2. On earth we want the sight
Of our REDEEMER'S face;
Yet, LORD, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3. And when we taste Thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

• CCXXXVII. Redeeming Love. 75.

1. **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in JESU'S name;
Ye, who JESU'S kindness prove,
Triumph in *redeeming love*.
2. Ye, who see the FATHER'S grace
Beaming in the SAVIOUR'S face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and blest *redeeming love*.
3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by *redeeming love*!
4. Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste *redeeming love*!
5. Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but *redeeming love*!
6. He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours;
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in *redeeming love*.
7. Hither then your Music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise *redeeming love*.

† CCXXXVIII. *Love and Hatred.*

1. **N**OW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By His last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.
2. Clamour, and wrath, and war, be gone;
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.
3. The spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve His love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?
4. Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of CHRIST his son.

† CCXXXIX. *Advice to Youth.*

1. **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your CREATOR, GOD;
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone!"
2. Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
3. The dust returns to dust again,
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
4. Eternal King, I fear Thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in Thy love.

§ CCXL. *Rising to God.*

1. **N**OW let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity!
2. Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?
3. Shall ought beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home!
4. Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell!
5. To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

CCXLI. *Old Simeon's Song.*

1. **N**OW let thy servant die in peace,
From this vain world dismiss;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And hasten to my rest.
2. Thy long expected grace, disclos'd
Before the people's view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
And promises were true.
3. This is the sun, whose chearing ray
Thro' Gentile darkness spreads:
Pours glory round thy chosen race,
And blessings on their heads.

§ CCXLII.

§ CCXLII. *God's tender Care of his Church.*

1. **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song,
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
2. **G**OD on his thirsty *Sion* hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown;
And solemn oaths have bound His love
To show'r salvation down.
3. Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions, and complaints?
Is He a **G**OD, and shall His grace
Grow weary of his saints?
4. Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb?
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?
5. "Yet, saith the **L**ORD, should nature
"And mothers, monsters prove, [change,
" *Sion* still dwells upon the heart
"Of everlasting love.
6. "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name,
"My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame."

§ CCXLIII. *Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.*

1. **N**OW to the **L**ORD a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim!
2. See where it shines in **J**ESU's face,
The brightest image of His grace!
GOD, in the person of his **S**ON,
Has all His mightiest works out-done.

3. The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful **G**OD;
And Thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4. But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of Thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Out-shines the wonders of the skies,

5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at **J**ESU's name.
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heav'n's reflect it to the ground.

6. O may I live to reach the place,
Where He unveils his lovely face,
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold!

CCXLIV. *Invitation.*

1. **O** ALL ye simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace;
That very unfrequented way
To life and happiness.
2. How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road;
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of **G**OD?
3. Madness ye count and misery
The life we lead beneath;
And nothing great or good can see
Or glorious in our death.
4. Pilgrims and pensive sojourners,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
Perplex'd ye think with needless fears,
And pleasure's mortal foes;
5. Yet conscience in the **H**OLY **G**HOST
Can witness better things;

For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

6. Riches, which are unsearchable,
In JESUS'S love we know;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow.
7. Angels, our guides to heav'nly bliss,
On all our steps attend;
And God himself our father is,
And JESUS is our Friend.
8. With Him e'er long we'll walk in white,
And in his image shine;
Our robes all glitt'ring like the light,
Our righteousness divine.

† CCXLV. *Dying a good Heart.*

1. **O** FOR an heart to praise my GOD,
An heart from sin set free;
An heart that always feels *thy* blood
So freely spilt for *me*!
2. An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
Where JESUS reigns alone!
3. An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!
4. An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, LORD, of Thine!

CCXLVI. *Victory over Death.*

1. **O** FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;

To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2. Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
"And where the monster's sting?"
3. If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But CHRIST, my ransom, dy'd.
4. Now to the GOD of victory
Immortal thanks be paid;
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Thro' CHRIST, our living head!

CCXLVII. *A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.*

1. **O**FT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay;
Then groan'd aloud with frightened eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.
2. But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.
3. My chearful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here, and sings;
Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.
4. Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light,
Above created skies.
5. Had but the prison-walls been strong,
And firm, without a flaw;
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

6. But

6. But now the everlasting hills
Thro' ev'ry chink appear ;
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.
- [7. The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws ;
Visions of endless bliss are seen ;
And native air she draws.]
8. O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close ;
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !
9. Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow ;
Till, glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions thro'.

CCXLVIII. *Brotherly Love.*

1. **O** GOD, our father and our king,
Of all we have or hope the spring ;
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm our hearts with holy love !
2. May we from ev'ry act abstain,
That hurts or gives our neighbour pain ;
And ev'ry secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.
3. Still may we feel our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to *all* our kind ;
Still seek their safety, health and ease,
Virtue, eternal life and peace.
4. With pity let our breast o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in woe ;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all that are of heavy heart.
5. Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, tho' faint, of thine ;

Thus may we CHRIST's disciples prove,
Who came to manifest Thy love.

† CCXLIX. *A Penitent begging Forgiveness.*

4—7.

1. **O** GOOD Lord, incline thine ear,
My complaint vouchsafe to hear ;
Sore distressed with guilt am I,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
2. Wealth and honor I disdain,
Earthly comforts all are vain ;
They can never satisfy :
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
3. LORD, deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt,
Mourning at thy feet I lie ;
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
4. All unholy, all unclean,
Nothing am I else but sin ;
I to Thee for mercy fly,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
5. Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust ;
Unto Thee lift up my cry,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
6. O my God, what shall I say ?
Take, O take my sins away !
JESU's blood to me apply,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
7. Does the FATHER seem to frown ?
I take shelter in the SON :
JESUS, to thine arms I fly ;
Save me LORD, or else I die.

* CCL. *The Christian's covenant Joy.*

1. **O** HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my SAVIOUR, and my
GOD !

Well

Well may the glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2. O happy bond, that seals our vows,
To Him who merits all our love!
Let chearful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine we move!
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
I am the LORD's, and He is *mine*:
He drew *me*, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
4. Now rest my long divided heart,
Fix'd on the blissful centre, rest!
With ashes who could grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?
5. High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
'Till in life's latest hour we bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

* CCLI. *The Blessings of a Gospel Church.* 73.

1. **O** HOW over-joy'd was I,
When the solemn hour drew nigh;
Summon'd to the house of pray'r,
Flew my soul to worship there.
2. Come, my chearful brethren said,
Let us go with holy speed;
Let us haste with one accord;
To the temple of our LORD!
3. Running at His kind command,
There our ready feet shall stand;
Still within the sacred gate
Will we for His mercy wait:
4. Love the channels of His grace;
Reverence the hallow'd place,
Where our LORD records his name,
Stay we in *Jerusalem*.

5. God hath built His church below,
And, his art divine to shew,
Each with each the parts agree,
Fram'd in perfect symmetry.
6. There the chosen tribes go up,
Testify their Gospel hope;
Praise and bless th' incarnate Word,
Shout the name of CHRIST, their LORD.
7. Pray, my friends, and never cease,
Wrestle on for *Sion's* peace;
Make her still your pious care,
On your heart for ever bear.
8. Hail the venerable name,
Lovely, dear *Jerusalem*!
Thee who bless, shall blessed be,
Prosper for their love to Thee.
9. Dwell within Thy ramparts peace,
Plenty deck Thy palaces,
JESUS send Thee from above,
All the treasures of His love!
10. For my friends and brethrens sake,
Thee my dearest charge I make;
Longing here Thy peace to see,
Glad to live and die for Thee.

† CCLII. *Repentance at the Cross.*

1. **O** IF my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
2. 'Twas for *my* sins, my dearest LORD
Hung on the cursed tree;
And groan'd away a dying life,
For Thee, my soul, for Thee.
3. O how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucify'd my GOD;

Those

Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd His flesh
Fast to the fatal wood !

4. Yes, my REDEEMER, They shall die,
My heart has so decreed ;
Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my SAVIOUR bleed.
5. Whilst with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd LORD I view ;
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

CCLIII. *Admiring Christ's Love.*

Twice 2—8s and 6.

1. **O** LOVE divine how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up with Thee ?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of *redeeming love* ;
The love of CHRIST to me.
2. Stronger his Love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
3. O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice !
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

CCLIV. *On a new-born Child.*

1. **O** H may our ever grateful hearts
Their chearful tribute bring
To the great sov'reign of the skies,
And of his mercy sing !

2. He gives to breathe the vital air,
And feeds us at His board ;
Has made our cup with grace o'erflow,
And with His riches stor'd.

3. As out of darkness into light
Of old all nature sprung ;
So into life and hopes of bliss,
The offspring of the womb.

4. But as the blushing blooming rose,
And all the flow'ry tribes ;
So fades the human race divine,
And like a river glides.

5. May we with caution therefore take
The transitory joy ;
And meekly yield it to our God,
To save or to destroy !

6. Not hope to grasp the empty wind,
Or stop the whirling sun ;
Or that the fading bliss secure
Thro' wealth and peace should run.

7. In virtue's paths, and that straight road
Which leads to realms above ;
The only solid joys await
The child its parents love.

8. Grant, gracious LORD, Thy constant aid
To form the youthful heart ;
And may the blessings of Thy grace
Ne'er from this child depart !

CCLV. *A Morning Song.*

1. **O** NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
2. Night unto night His name repeats,
The day renews the sound ;

Wide

Wide as the heav'n on which He sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis He supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak His praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

- [4. On a poor worm Thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5. A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6. Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

CCLVI. *New-Year's Day.* 4—6 and 4—4.

1. **O**NCE more the constant sun,
Revolving round his sphere,
His steady course has run;
And brings another year:
He rises, sets,
But goes not back;
Nor ever quits
His destin'd track.
2. Hence let believers learn
To keep a forward pace:
Be this our main concern
To finish well our race:
Backslidings shun,
With patience press
Towards the sun
Of righteousness.

3. What now shall be our task?
Or rather what our pray'r?
What good thing shall we ask,
To prosper this new year?
With one accord
Our hearts we'll lift;
And ask our Lord
Some new-year's gift.

4. No trifling gift, or small,
Should friends of CHRIST desire;
Rich LORD, bestow on all
Pure gold, well tried by fire;
Faith that stands fast,
When devils roar;
And *love* that lasts
For evermore.

CCLVII. *Before Sermon.*

1. **O**NCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!
2. Father, thy quickning spirit send
From heav'n in JESU'S name;
To make our waiting minds attend
And put our souls in frame!
3. May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part!
4. To seek Thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit!
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit!
5. Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind blow:

Let

Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow!

6. Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine!

CCLVIII. *The World dwindles on the View
of Bliss.* 4—5.

1. **O** TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.
2. A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd
On that happy ground.
3. The souls that believe
In Paradise live;
And me in that number
Will JESUS receive.
4. My soul don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy SAVIOUR,
And bless the glad day.
5. No mortal doth know
What He can bestow;
What light, strength and comfort;
Go after Him, go.
6. And when I'm to die,
"Receive me, I'll cry,
"For JESUS hath lov'd me,
"I cannot say why."
7. And now I'm his care,
My neighbours may share

These blessings: To seek them
Will none of you dare?

8. In bondage, O why,
And in death will ye lie;
When CHRIST does assure you
Free grace is so nigh?

† CCLIX. *The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

1. **O** THE delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place;
Where JESUS sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!
2. Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.
- [3. Princes to His imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.]
4. Archangels sound His lofty praise,
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street;
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at His feet.
5. Those soft, those blessed feet of His,
That once rude iron tore;
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
6. His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound;
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.
7. This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

[S. L. C. B.]

- [8. LORD, how our souls are all on fire
To see Thy blest abode ;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise,
To our incarnate GOD !
9. And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay ;
And wish Thy fiery chariots, LORD,
To fetch our souls away.]

§ CCLX. *The God of Thunder.*

1. **O** The immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our GOD ;
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod !
2. He speaks ; and lo all nature shakes,
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow ;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows thro'.
3. Well, let the nations start and fly,
At the blue lightning's horrid glare ;
Atheists and em'rors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air !
4. Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below ;
Yet will we sing the thund'ers praise,
And send our loud *Hosannas* thro' !
5. Celestial King ! Thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys ;
We shout to hear Thy thunders roar,
And echo to our father's voice.
6. Thus shall the GOD our SAVIOUR come,
And lightnings round His chariot play ;
Ye lightnings, fly to make Him room,
Ye glorious storms, prepare His way !

CCLXI. *That God may favor his Church 6-8s.*

1. **O** THOU, supreme essential love,
Rich source, whence all our blessings
Bless us with favor from above [flow !
And smile upon thy Church below !
Thy pity, gracious LORD, display,
And turn our darkness into day !
2. See how disconsolate, O LORD !
Give all to hear the joyful sound !
Be honors to thy grace restor'd,
Its fragrant odors flow around !
Send pastors ready to fulfil
The dictates of thy gracious will !
3. Thine eyes from heav'n's high seat incline,
Behold the offspring of thy hand,
And visit, LORD, thy belov'd vine !
May lab'rors, at thy high command,
Go forth ; whose ceaseless work 'twill be,
To dress the vineyard own'd by Thee !

CCLXII. *The Compassion of God.*

1. **O** THOU the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares controul,
And with the chearful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul !
2. Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain !
3. Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
4. New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentlest best lov'd attribute
To pity and forgive.

† CCLXIII.

† CCLXIII. *The Believer's Support.*

1. **O** THOU, to whose all searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bands, and set it free!
2. Wash out its stains, refine the dross,
Nail my affections to the cross!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my LORD, art clean.
3. If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my GOD, art near.
4. When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
JESU, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5. Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!
6. If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day:
Till toil and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

§ CCLXIV. *Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

1. **O** UR LORD is risen from the dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
2. There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
*Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!*

3. Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the KING of glory in!
4. Who is the KING of glory, who?
The LORD that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name.
5. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
*Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!*
6. Who is the KING of glory, who?
The LORD of glorious pow'r possesst;
The KING of saints and angels too,
GOD over all for ever blest!

† CCLXV. *Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.*

1. **O** UR sins, alas, how strong they be
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, LORD, to Thee,
And hurry us away.
2. The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.
3. There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.
4. There shall we sit, and sing and tell
The wonders of His grace;
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.

5. For ever His dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongues,
And JESUS and salvation be
The close of all our songs.

CCLXVI. *Desiring to Praise Christ.* 8—5s.

1. **WHAT** shall I do
My SAVIOUR to praise;
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem
The weakest believer,
That hangs upon Him.
2. How happy the man,
Whose heart is set free;
The people that can
Be joyful in Thee!
Their joy is to walk in
The light of thy face,
And still they are talking
Of JESUS's grace.
3. Their daily delight
Shall be in thy name;
They shall, as their right,
Thy *righteousness* claim;
Thy *righteousness* wearing,
And cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in
The presence of God.

§ CCLXVII. *Christ came to redeem us.*
Greenwich, C. M.

1. **PLUNG'D** in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2. With pitying eyes the PRINCE of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
4. O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The SAVIOUR's praises speak!
5. Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when ye raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

CCLXVIII. *Universal Praise.*
Christ Church, 7 and 6 repeted.

1. **PRAISE** the LORD, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise the holy GOD of love,
And all his greatness shew.
2. Praise Him for his noble deeds,
Praise Him for his matchless pow'r;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heav'n adore.
3. Publish, spread to all around
The great IMMANUEL's name:
Let the trumpet's martial sound
Him LORD of hosts proclaim.
4. Praise Him ev'ry tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art;
All the pow'rs of music bring,
The music of the heart.
5. Him, in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing;

Glory

Glory to their MAKER give,
And homage to their KING.

6. Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heav'n on earth ador'd ;
Praise the LORD in ev'ry breath,
Let all things praise the Lord !

CCLXIX. *Praise to God in Prosperity and Adversity.* 7s.

1. **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ !
2. For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vines exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use :
3. Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;
4. All that *spring* with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral *autumn* pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
5. These to thee, our GOD, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
6. Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-trees blasted shoot,
Drop her green untimely fruit ;
7. Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;

Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

8. Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;
9. Yet to Thee our souls should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And when ev'ry blessing's flown ;
Love Thee—for thyself alone.

§ CCLXX. *The Universal Hallelujah.*

1. **P**RAISE ye the LORD, y' immortal choir,
That fills the realms above,
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.]
2. Shine to his praise, ye chrystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before a brighter GOD.
3. Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days ;
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
4. Blush, and refund the honors paid
To your inferior names :
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.]
- [5. Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue ;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes the wheels of you.]
- [6. Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.]

[7. Shout to the LORD, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;

Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

8. While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker, GOD,
And lash the foaming brine.]

[9. But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these;
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.]

[10. Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To Him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines,
On ev'ry thankful bough]

[11. Let the shrill birds his honor raise,
And climb the morning sky;
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.]

12. Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound,
Echo the glories of your KING
Thro' all the nations round.

§ CCLXXI. *The blessed Society in Heaven.*

1. **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street;
And say, "There's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy feet."

[2. Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3. There, on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty FATHER reigns;

And sheds his glorious goodness down,
On all the blissful plains.

4. Bright, like a sun, the SAVIOUR sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5. Amidst those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred DOVE;
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6. The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-one.

[7. But Oh what beams of heav'nly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from JESU'S face,
And love in ev'ry smile!]

8. JESUS, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear;
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there?

CCLXXII. *The Sinner found wanting.*

1. **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine
eye!

Behold the balance lifted high!
There shall GOD'S justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2. See in one scale His perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Would'st thou the awful test sustain,
Thy *works* how light, thy *thoughts* how vain!

3. Behold the hand of GOD appears
To trace these dreadful characters;
"Tekel, thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4. Let

Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace,
 Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
 Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
 And deep repentance melt thy soul!

5. One only hope may yet prevail;
 CHRIST in thy favor turns the scale;
 Still doth the gospel publish peace,
 And shew a SAVIOUR'S righteousness.

6. JESUS exert Thy pow'r to save,
 Deep on the heart Thy truth engrave!
 Great GOD, the load of guilt remove,
 That trembling lips may sing Thy love!

* CCLXXIII. *Christ's Commission.*

1. RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done!
2. Sing how eternal love
 Its chief beloved chose;
 Not to condemn, but raise our race
 From an abyss of woes.
3. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by;
 When CHRIST was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doom'd to die.
4. Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease;
 Bow to the sceptre of His love,
 And take the offer'd peace.
5. LORD, we obey Thy call,
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation Thou has wrought,
 And love and praise Thy name!

* CCLXXIV. *The Redemption of Man the Joy of Angels.*

1. REDEMPTION! 'Tis a glorious
 scheme;
 Dwell, O my soul, on this blest theme;
 A theme enquiring angels view
 With growing zeal and raptures new.
2. Tho' once they drew a flaming sword,
 'Gainst man, the rebel to their LORD;
 Yet man they love, and sing the grace
 Design'd by heav'n for Adam's race.
3. When but one sinner quits the road
 That leads to death, and turns to God;
 Joyous they hear the news, and sing
 Th' increasing glories of their king.
4. Well pleas'd they see heav'n's new-born heir
 Committed to their tender care;
 And swift they fly from worlds above
 On errands full of heav'nly love.

CCLXXV. *On the Resurrection.*

4—6s. and 4—4s. or 2—8s.

1. REJOICE, the LORD is king!
 Your LORD and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore.
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
2. JESUS, the SAVIOUR, reigns,
 The GOD of truth and love,
 When He had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
3. His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;

The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

4. He sits at GOD's right-hand,
'Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
5. He all his foes shall kill,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom fill
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
6. Rejoice in glorious hope,
JESUS the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of GOD shall sound, Rejoice!

† CCLXXVI. *Saints should aspire after God and Bliss.* Henbury; 7 and 6 repeted.

1. **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
For ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:

So a soul that's born of GOD
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our SAVIOUR will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and ye know
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

§ CCLXXVII. *God's Eternity.*

1. **R**ISE, rise our souls, and leave the
ground,
Stretch all your thoughts abroad;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal GOD.
2. Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,
JEHOVAH fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels' made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
3. His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Infinitude's his dwelling place,
And *Ever* is his time.
4. While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past;
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.
5. The earth and sea must shrink away,
And flame melt down the skies;
But GOD shall live an endless day,
When this creation dies.

CCLXXVIII.

CLXXVIII. *Submission and Deliverance.*

1. **S**AINTS, at your FATHER'S heav'nly word,
Give up your comforts to the LORD;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
2. So *Abr'am*, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son, at GOD'S command;
The wood, the fire, and knife he took;
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
3. " *Abr'am*, forbear, the angel cry'd,
" Thy faith is known, Thy love is try'd;
" Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
" Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."
4. Just in the last distressing hour
The LORD displays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place,
Where, we shall see surprizing grace.

* CCLXXIX. *Salvation.*

1. **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
2. Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

CCLXXX. *A national Thanksgiving.* 6--8.

2. **S**AY should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found
As dwells in Britain's isle?

Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads,
And bids our bleakest mountains smile.

2. Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore,
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teacheth us to raise
Our voices in our maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.
3. These are thy gifts, almighty king!
From thee our matchless blessings spring;
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The raptures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
4. With grateful hearts, with chearful tongues
To God we raise united songs;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim;
Britons, thro' ev'ry age, shall own,
Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne;
And triumph in his mighty name.
5. Long as the moon her course shall run
Or man behold the circling sun,
O still may GOD in Britain reign;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain!

CCLXXXI. *Boldness in the Gospel.*

1. **S**HALL I, for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismay'd, in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my LORD?
2. Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of GOD most high?
How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how Thy anger bear?

3. Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng,
Softens Thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys? or flee
The cross, endur'd, my God, by Thee?
4. What then is he, whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
5. Yea, let man rage! since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain Thy tender love
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.
6. Saviour of men! thy searching eye
Does all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth ought on earth my wishes raise;
Or the world's favor, or its praise?
7. The love of CHRIST does me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men:
With cries, intreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
8. For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, LORD, restrain.
9. My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, LORD!
Thy will be done! thy name ador'd!
10. Give me Thy strength, O God of pow'r!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be,—
'Tis fix'd! I can do all thro' thee!

CCLXXXII. *Man vain and mortal.*

1. SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their creator, God?

- Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than He?
2. Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with His,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
3. But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of Thy wrath,
We faint and vanish, like the moth.
4. From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in Thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
5. Almighty Pow'r, to Thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious Thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

CCLXXXIII. *Dead to Sin.*

1. SHALL we go on to sin,
Because Thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the LORD again,
And open all His wounds?
2. Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.
3. We will be slaves no more,
Since CHRIST has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

CCLXXXIV. *Christ the Wisdom of God.*

1. SHALL WISDOM cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?

he voice of GOD's eternal WORD.
Deserves it no regard?

2. "I was his chief delight,
"His everlasting SON,
"Before the first of all his works,
"Creation, was begun.
- [3. "Before the flying clouds,
"Before the solid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right-hand.
4. "When He adorn'd the skies,
"And built them, I was there;
"To order where the sun should rise,
"And marshal ev'ry star.
5. "When He pour'd out the sea,
"And spread the flowing deep;
"I gave the flood a firm decree,
"In its own bounds to keep]
6. "Upon the empty air
"The earth was balanc'd well;
"With joy I saw the mansion where
"The sons of men should dwell.
7. "My busy thoughts at first
"On their salvation ran;
"E'er sin was born, or *Adam's* dust
"Was fashion'd to a man.
8. "Then come, receive my grace,
"Ye children, and be wise;
"Happy the man that keeps my ways;
"The man that shuns them, dies."

* CCLXXXV. *The Nativity of Christ.*

1. **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
"And send your fears away;
"News from the region of the skies,
"Salvation's born to day!

2. "JESUS, the GOD whom angels fear,
"Comes down to dwell with you;
"To-day he makes his entrance here,
"But not as monarchs do.
3. "No gold nor purple swadling bands,
"Nor royal shining things;
"A manger for his cradle stands,
"And holds the KING of KINGS.
4. "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
"And see His humble throne!
"With tears of joy in all your eyes,
"Go, shepherds, kiss the SON!"
5. Thus *Gabriel* sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
6. "Glory to GOD, that reigns above,
"Let peace surround the earth;
"Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
"At their REDEEMER's birth!"
7. LORD! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise;
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When they forget to praise!
8. Glory to GOD that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a SAVIOUR born!

* CCLXXXVI. *Jonas an Emblem of Christ.*

1. **S**ING all who seek the crucify'd,
The GOD that once for sinners dy'd;
"Chasing our griefs, and sighs, and fears,
"The SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS appears.

2. "To

2. "To death deliver'd in our stead,
 "For us He rises from the dead ;
 "With lifted voice and heart adore
 "The SUN, who sets in blood no more."

3. He gives us, while He soars above,
 The dew of grace, the balm of love,
 He, life to all his members brings,
 And drops salvation from his wings.

4. This day the Scripture is fulfil'd ;
 The FATHER now his SON has seal'd ;
 GOD, from the belly of the earth,
 Hath call'd him forth to second birth.

5. He owns him for his SON, with pow'r,
 Nor lets the greedy grave devour ;
 Cast for our sins into the deep,
 His life hath sav'd the sinking ship.

6. For lo ! on the third joyful morn,
 Our *Jonas* doth for us return ;
 His life for ours a ransom giv'n,
 Emerges from His tomb to heav'n.

§ CCLXXXVII. *The Creation, Preservation,
 Dissolution, and Restoration of this
 World.*

1. **S**ING to the LORD, who built the skies,
 The LORD who rear'd this stately
 frame ;
 Let all the nations sound his praise,
 And lands unknown repeat his name.

2. He form'd the seas, and rear'd the hills,
 Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry dust ;
 Nature and time, with all their wheels,
 And push'd them into motion first.

3. Now from his high imperial throne
 He looks far down upon the spheres ;
 He bids the shining orbs roll on,
 And round He turns our hasty years.

4. Thus shall this moving engine last
 'Till all his saints are gather'd in ;
 Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
 To shake it all to dust again !

5. Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
 And lightning burn the globe below ;
 Saints, ye may lift your joyful eyes,
 There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

§ CCLXXXVIII. *God the Thunderer.*

1. **S**ING to the LORD, ye heav'nly hosts,
 And thou, O earth, adore ;
 Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
 Stand trembling at His pow'r.

2. His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
 He makes the clouds his throne ;
 There all his stores of lightning lie,
 'Till vengeance dart them down.

3. His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
 And, from his awful tongue,
 A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
 And thunder roars along.

4. Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad.

5. What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
 He once defy'd the LORD :
 But he shall dread the thund'rer now,
 And sink beneath his word.

6. Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
 To blast the rebel worm ;
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.

• CCLXXXIX. *The Pilgrims.*

1. **S**ING, ye redeemed of the LORD,
 Your great deliv'rer sing !

Pilgrims,

- grims, for Sion's city bound,
Be joyful in your king!
2. See the fair way His hand hath rais'd;
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err,
Nor ask the way in vain.

3. No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, by God's grace,
In His own path are found.

4. A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount ye rise,
And see your smiling God.

5. There garlands of immortal joy,
Shall bloom on ev'ry head,
While sorrow, sighing and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

6. March then in your REDEEMER'S
Pursue his footsteps still; [strength,
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,
While trav'ling up the hill.

† CCXC. *The Deceitfulness of Sin.*
P A R T I.

1. **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2. With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3. She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4. So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

† P A R T II.

5. SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the physician, God.

6. Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But CHRIST the LORD recalls the dead,
With His almighty breath.

7. Collected madness reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
'Till God's own SON, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

8. We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
'Till JESUS make us wise.

9. We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall;
And rush with fury down to hell,
But heav'n prevents the fall.]

10. The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
He foams and raves 'till JESUS comes,
And the foul spirit flies.

CCXCI. *The Invitation.*

1. **S**INNERS, obey the Gospel-word;
Haste to the Supper of my LORD;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready; come away!

2. Ready

2. Ready the FATHER is to own
And kiss his late returning Son;
Ready the loving SAVIOUR stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
3. Ready the SPIRIT of his love
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of GOD.
4. Ready for you the *Angels* wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonder of redeeming grace.
5. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready with their shining host;
All heav'n is ready, to resound
The dead's alive, the lost is found!
6. Come then, ye sinners, to your LORD,
To happiness in CHRIST restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel-grace!
- [7. A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of GOD;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joy of penitence.
8. The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that speak your sins forgiv'n,
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n.
9. The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder, why such love to me!
10. Th' o'erwhelming pow'r of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heav'n of love!]

§ CCXCII. *On the Ascension.* 6—8.

1. SINNERS, rejoice; your peace is made,
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled:
Your GOD, in JESUS reconcil'd,
On all his works again hath seal'd;
Hath gracethro' CHRIST and blessing giv'n
To *all* in earth, and *all* in heaven.
2. Angels rejoice in JESU'S grace,
And vie with man's more favor'd race:
The blood that did for us atone,
Conferr'd on you some gift unknown;
Your joys thro' JESU'S pains abound,
Ye triumph by his glorious wound.
3. Or 'stablish'd and confirm'd by him,
Who did our lower world redeem,
Secure ye keep your blest citate,
Firm on an everlasting seat;
Or, rais'd above yourselves, aspire,
In bliss improv'd, in glory higher.
4. Him ye beheld, our conqu'ring GOD,
Return with garments roll'd in blood!
Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light,
With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding feet.
5. Ye saw him in your courts above,
With all his recent prints of love:
The wounds! the blood! ye heard its voice,
That height'ned all your highest joys;
Ye felt it sprinkled thro' the skies,
And shar'd the better sacrifice.
6. Not angel tongues can e'er express,
Nor human hearts conceive the bliss;
The grace supreme by JESUS given,
Which heav'n itself makes double heav'n;
But all your heav'n, ye blessed pow'rs;
And all your God is doubly ours.

† CCXCIII.

† CCXCIII. *An Evening Hymn.*CCXCV. *Holiness and Grace.*

1. SLEEP, downy sleep, come close my eyes,
Tir'd with beholding vanities!
Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away
The toils and follies of the day!
2. On thy soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O *Israel's* watchful shepherd spread,
Thy guardian angels round my bed!
3. O place the lofty ladder nigh,
On which they mount, or quit the sky!
Beckon me likewise from above,
With most endearing smiles of love!
4. How shall I then with eagerness,
Struggle to reach th' enchanting bliss!
Struggle to quit my house of clay,
And fly to realms of endless day!

1. SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine!
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honors of our SAVIOUR, GOD;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the LORD;
And faith it stands leaning on his word.

§ CCXCIV. *The Christian Soldier called to arm. Handle's March. S. M. double.*CCXCVI. *Holy-days.*

1. SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies
Thro' his eternal son;
Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts,
Is more than conqueror:
2. Stand then in HIS great might,
With all His strength endu'd,
And take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of GOD;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome thro' CHRIST alone,
And stand entire at last.

1. SOME to the LORD regard a day,
Some to the LORD regard it not;
Yet while they chuse a different way,
They to one point at last are brought.
2. He that regards the day thinks thus:
"This day our SAVIOUR and our KING
"Perform'd some mighty act for us;
"Tis fit we bear in mind the thing.
3. And thus to CHRIST his kind intent
He points, with prayers in his name;
And to the LORD his love thus meant,
The LORD accepts, and who should blame?
4. The shell indeed is not the meat,
But none reject the meat within;
T' exceed indeed's a vain conceit,
But to commemorate's no sin.

L

§. He

5. He to the day has no regard,
The shadow for the substance quits ;
Towards the saviour presses hard,
And eager outward things omits.
6. For warmly in himself reflects,
" My LORD I count my chiefest good ;
" All empty form my soul rejects,
" And seeks the riches of his blood.
7. " I always place my sole delight
" In Him, sole object of my care ;
" External shews for him I slight,
" Left ought but He my love should share.
8. Let not th' *Observer* entertain
Against his brother any grudge ;
Nor *Non-observer* call him vain ;
But use his freedom, and not judge.
9. For both their motives stand the test,
The gracious LORD will both approve ;
Each in his way that pleases best ;
Who walks amiss, that walks in love ?

† CCXCVII. *Seeking Grace.* 7s.

1. SON of GOD, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want !
Tree of life thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed !
2. Unsustain'd by Thee I fall,
Send the strength for which I call !
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
3. All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me ! save me to the end !
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise !

* CCXCVIII. *The Epiphany.* 7s.

1. SONS of men, behold him far,
Hail the long-expected star !

*Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.*

2. Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below ;
Wars it bids, and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the *Prince of Peace*.
3. Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
4. Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your GOD appear !
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there !
5. There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eye sight on your eyes !
GOD in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day !
6. Sing, ye morning stars, again,
GOD descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man His life t' employ,
Shout, ye sons of GOD, for joy !

CCXCIX. *Thy Kingdom come.*

1. SOV'REIGN of heav'n, thine empire
spreads
O'er all the worlds on high ;
And at Thy frown th' infernal pow'rs,
In wild confusion fly !
2. Like lightning from his glitt'ring throne
The great arch-traitor fell ;
Driv'n with tremendous ruin down
To infamy and hell.
3. Permitted now to range at large
And traverse earth and air,

O'er

O'er sinful souls the Tyrant reigns,
And boasts his kingdom there.

4. Yet thence Thy grace can drive him out,
With one almighty word;
O send the sov'reign mandate forth,
And reign victorious, LORD!

5. Let wretched pris'ners be releas'd,
The smiling light to view;
Nor let the vanquish'd foe return
Their bondage to renew!

6. May grace complete that wond'rous work,
Which Thy own pow'r begun;
And fill from Satan's gloomy realms
The Kingdom of Thy Son!

CCC. *Begging God's Blessing on his Minister.*
6—7s.

1. **S**OURCE of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine!
LORD, behold thy servant stands!
Lo, to Thee he lifts his hands!
Satisfy his soul's desire;
Touch his lips with holy fire!
2. Softly fall the healing sound.
Like the dew-drop on the ground!
Drooping plants shall soon revive,
Faith in bud begins to live;
And enlarg'd shall soon disclose
Beauties of the full-blown rose.
3. In thy pure and holy way,
Heights and greater heights display;
So that whilst our race we run,
We may think it just begun;
Nor the past contemplate more,
Urgent still on what's before.
4. Ope thy treasures! so shall fall
Unction sweet on him, on all;

'Till, by odors scatter'd round,
CHRIST himself, be trac'd and found.
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart.

§ CCCI. *God only known to himself.*

1. **S**TAND and adore! how glorious HE
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our sight,
Plung'd in th' abyss of daz'ling light.
2. The sacred ONE, Almighty THREE,
Great, everlasting MYSTERY!
What lofty numbers shall we frame,
Equal to the tremendous name?
3. Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the great UNKNOWN;
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.
4. Ye, whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought by you?
5. How flat your highest praises fall
Below th' immense ORIGINAL!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain!
6. Great GOD, forgive our feeble lays;
Sound out Thine own eternal praise!
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

† CCCII. *Death and Eternity.*

1. **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that use to
Converse a while with death: [rise,
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2. His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3. But, O the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay:
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way.

4. Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts, triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5. And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6. JESUS, to Thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for Thy command,
To drop into my dust.

CCCIII *The Saviour speaking Peace.*

1. SWEET as the shepherds tuneful reed,
From *Sion's* mount I heard the sound;
Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature smil'd around:
The voice of peace salutes mine ear,
CHRIST'S lovely voice perfumes the air.

2. Peace troubl'd soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold the *precious balm* is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

3. Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
Unburthen here the weighty load;

Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy GOD: [word!
Thy GOD'S thy SAVIOUR, glorious
That sheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.

4. As spring the winter, day the night,
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay;
Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

† CCCIV. *Christ crucified.* 7s.

1. SWEET the moments, rich the blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying FRIEND.

2. Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

3. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the LAMB I gaze;
Love I much! I've much forgiv'en,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6. May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to JESUS go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know!

CCV. *The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.*

1. **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
2. Thou lovely chief of all my joys!
Thou sov'reign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear Thy voice.
Pronounce the sound, *Départ*?
- [3. The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear;
'Twould tear my soul asunder, LORD,
With most tormenting fear.]
- [4. What, to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly?]
5. O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my GOD remove;
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!
6. JESUS, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
7. O tell me, that my worthless name,
Is graven on Thy hands;
Shew me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands!
- [8. Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

CCCVI. *Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.*

1. **T**HEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!
- [2. Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
3. The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave]
4. Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the Tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
5. Good GOD! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon Life's feeble strings.
6. Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
7. Waken, O LORD, our drowsy Sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with GOD.

CCCVII. *A Saint will love God.* 6—8.

1. **T**HEE will we love, our strength, our
tow'r;
Thee will we love, our joy and crown;
Thee will we love, with all our pow'r,
In all our works and Thee alone.

Thee will we love, 'till the pure fire
Fill our whole soul with chaste desire.

2. Uphold us in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer us again to stray;
Strengthen our feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way:
Our soul and flesh, O LORD of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light!

§ CCCVIII. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*

1. **T**HE glories of our Maker God,
Our joyful tongues shall sing;
And call the nations to adore
Their Father and their King.
2. 'Twas His right-hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this wond'rous frame;
But from His own celestial breath
Our nobler spirits came.
3. We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues:
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
4. Let beasts and fish of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring!
5. Ye planets, to His honor shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise Him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole!
6. The brightness of our MAKER's name
The wide creation fills;
And His unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

CCCIX. *Before Sermon.* 8—5.

1. **T**HE good hand of God
Has brought us again
(A favor bestow'd
We hope not in vain)
To hear from our SAVIOUR
The word of his grace;
Then be our behaviour
Becoming the place!
2. Remember the ends
For which we are met;
Alas! my dear friends,
We're apt to forget:
The motives that brought us
The LORD only sees;
But if He has taught us,
Our ends should be these.
3. To worship the LORD
With praise and with pray'r;
To practise his word,
As well as to hear;
To own with contrition
The deeds we have done;
And take the remission
God gives in his SON.
4. Bless'd spirit of Christ
Descend on us thus;
Thy servant assist,
That He may teach us!
O send us thy unction,
To teach us all good;
And touch with compunction,
And sprinkle with blood!

† CCCX. *Looking upward.*

1. **T**HE heav'ns invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round:
Father,

ther, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.

2. My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.
3. Beyond those chrystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to Thy courts,
And paintings of Thy walls.
4. Vain world, farewell to you!
Heav'n is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

CCCXI. *The Divine Perfections.*

4—6s. and 4—4s. or 2—8.

1. **T**HE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.
2. The *thunders* of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His *wrath* and *justice* stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his *love*
Resolves to bless,
His *truth* confirms
And seals the grace.
3. Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising *wisdom* shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:

Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my pow'rs,
And praise the LORD!

CCCXII. *Trust in God.* 6—8.

1. **T**HE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.
3. Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile;
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
And streams shall murmur all around.
4. Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O LORD, art with me still:

Thy

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dismal shade.

§ CCCXIII. *An Hymn for Sunday.*

1. **T**HE LORD of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
2. Thus, LORD, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
3. On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By GOD, th' Eternal Word, than when
The universe was made.
4. He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pains extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

† CCCXIV. *All Flesh is Grass, &c.*

1. **T**HE morning flow'rs display their
sweets,
And, gay, their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
And fearless of the ev'ning cold.
2. Nip'd by the winds unlucky blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
3. So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauties shews;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.

4. Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
5. Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Reviv'd with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
6. Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heav'n will recompence our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of GOD remains.

† CCCXV. *A Prospect of Heaven makes
Death easy.*

1. **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs:
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan flood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]
5. O could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes!

5. Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not *Jordan's* stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

CCCXVI. *The Seasons of the Year.*

1. **T**HE rolling year, almighty LORD!
Obeys thy pow'rful nod;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present GOD.
2. Wak'd by thy voice, out steps the *Spring*
In living green new drest;
On hills, in vales, thro' fields and groves
Thy beauties stand confest.
3. The sun calls forth the *Summer* months,
Nor do the hours delay;
The fruits with varied colours glow
Beneath his ripening ray.
4. In *Autumn*, LORD, thy bounty shines,
And spreads a common feast;
He that regards his fav'rite man,
Will not neglect the beast.
5. When *Winter* rears her hoary head,
And shews her furrow'd brow,
In storms and tempests, frosts and snows,
How awful, LORD, art thou!
6. The rolling year, almighty LORD!
Obeys thy pow'rful nod;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present GOD.

§ CCCXVII. *The Martyrs glorified.*

1. "THESE glorious minds how bright
they shine!
"Whence all their white array?

"How came they to the happy seats
"Of everlasting day?"

2. From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode;
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In JESU'S dying blood.
3. Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the holy one.
4. The unveil'd glories of his face,
Amongst his saints reside;
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.
5. Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast:
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
6. The LAMB shall lead his heavenly flock,
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

§ CCCXVIII. *The Language of Nature.*

- T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame!
Their great original proclaim:
2. Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his CREATOR'S pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.
 3. Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4. Whilst

4. Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
5. What tho' in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
6. In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us, is divine."

CCCXIX. *Christ and the Levitical Priesthood.*

1. **T**HE true *Messiah* now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
2. No smocking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
3. *Aaron* must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest;
When *God* himself comes down to be
The Off'ring and the Priest.
4. He took our mortal flesh to shew
The wonders of His love;
For us He paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
5. "Father, He cries, forgive their sins,
"For I myself have dy'd:"
And then He shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

CCCXX. *For the Morning.*

1. **T**HE veil of night is now withdrawn,
And day salutes our eyes;

Fatigu'd and spent, we laid us down;
Refresh'd and hail we rise.

2. Safe-guarded by th' almighty arm,
Securely we have slept;
Whilst He, who never sleeps, from harm
Our senseless bodies kept
3. Our busy thought, in languid dream,
Just liv'd or dy'd in sleep;
Whilst ev'ry sense, and ev'ry limb
Lay bound in slumbers deep.
4. But kindling day reviv'd the flame,
And rous'd our sleeping pow'rs;
Recov'ring thought shook off the dream,
And marks the passing hours.
5. Tir'd faculties awake repair'd;
Lost vigour life regains:
Thus we're for daily work prepar'd,
And thus forget our pains.
6. Come then let's early Thanks repay
To Him who never sleeps:
Shades the night He gilds the day;
Sleeping dust he keeps.
7. Let's live to Him whose quick'ning Voice
A dying life prolongs;
As daily He renews our joys,
Let us repeat our songs.

† CCCXXI. *CHRIST appearing to his Church.*

1. **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, He flies to my relief.
2. Now thro' the vale of flesh, I see
With eyes of love He looks at me;
Now, in the Gospel's clearest glass,
He shews the beauties of his face.

3. Gently

Gently He draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue;
 "Rise, faith my LORD, make haste away,
 "No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
 "The *Jewish* wintry state is gone,
 "The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
 "The sacred turtle-Dove we hear
 "Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
 "Th' immortal vine of heavenly root,
 "Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
 Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
 Our souls rejoice and bless the vine!
 And when we hear our JESUS say,
 "Rise up, my love, make haste away?"
 Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

CCCXXII. *The Power of the Gospel.*

THIS is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above;
 JEHOVAH here resolves to shew
 What his Almighty Grace can do.
 This remedy did wisdom find,
 To heal diseases of the mind;
 This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
 The Gospel bids the dead revive,
 Sinners obey the voice, and live;
 Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
 Where satan reign'd in shades of night
 The Gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
 Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
 And calms the rage of angry souls.]
 Lions and beasts of savage name
 Put on the nature of the Lamb;

While the wild world esteems it strange
 Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6. May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
 The word that saves me does engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

CCCXXIII. *Desiring Wisdom and Sincerity.*

1. THOU God of wisdom, make me wise,
 The way of life to know;
 Thy Christ to my enlight'ned eyes
 In all his glories shew.
2. O let his love enkindle mine,
 And all my soul subdue!
 Make me to him myself resign,
 And form me all anew!
3. And whilst I bear a Saviour's name
 Let me obey his laws;
 Nor ever my profession shame,
 Or once desert his cause.
4. If I am right, O teach my heart
 Still in the right to stay!
 If I am wrong, thy grace impart,
 To find that better way!
5. What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do;
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heav'n pursue!
6. Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At ought thy wisdom hath deny'd,
 Or ought thy goodness lent!
7. Thus may I hope, tho' once undone,
 To be restor'd again;
 Thy just and dreadful wrath to shun,
 And heav'nly life obtain.

† CCCXXIV. *The LAMB our Guide.*

1. **T**HOU very paschal LAMB,
Whose blood for us was shed;
Thro' whom we out of *Egypt* came;
Thy ransom'd people lead!
2. Angel of Gospel-grace,
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In *Israel's* camp appear!
3. Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
4. Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy Love.

† CCCXXV. *Seeking the Pastures.*

1. **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear SHEPHERD, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
2. Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
3. Why should thy *Bride* appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
4. The footsteps of thy flock I see:
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and
tears.

5. His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my beloved lead me home.]

CCCXXVI. *L O R D's Day.*

1. **T**HRICE happy saints who dwell above,
In God's immediate sight:
With everlasting love they glow,
And shine divinely bright.
2. In endless songs and extacies,
They one long sabbath keep:
Pleas'd and triumphant in their work,
They never tire nor sleep.
3. Often God's day to us returns,
And sheds its quick'ning beams:
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!
4. Heav'n is the proper world of praise;
Why must I still keep thence?
Why, oh my soul so loth to rise,
And to be gone from hence?
5. There I shall breathe in purer air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;
There I in high seraphic strains,
With angels shall combine.
6. There I shall never tire nor rest;
But sound immortal lays;
Keep consort with the heav'nly choir,
And live and breathe in praise.
7. Increase, O LORD, my faith and hope;
And fit me to ascend;
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er will end.

CCCXXVII. *An Evening Hymn.*

1. **T**HUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And

And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart!

Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

§ CCCXXVIII. *God dwells with the humble and Penitent.*

1. **T**HUS saith the high and lofty one,
"I sit upon my holy throne,
"My name is God, I dwell on high,
"Dwell in my own eternity:

2. "But I descend to worlds below,
"On earth I have a mansion too;
"The humble spirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

3. "The humble soul my words revive,
"I bid the mourning sinner live;

"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And ease the sorrows of the mind:

[4. "When I contend against their sin,
"I make them know how vile they've been;
"But should my wrath for ever smoke,
"Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.

5. O may Thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of Thy chast'ning love.]

§ CCCXXIX. *The Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.*

1. **T**HUS saith the ruler of the skies,
"Awake my dreadful sword;
"Awake my wrath, and smite the man
"My fellow, saith the LORD.

2. Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down she flies;
JESUS submits t' his FATHER'S hand,
And bows his head and dies.

3. But O! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet He rises too.

4. A person so divine was He
Who yielded to be slain;
That He could give his soul away,
And take His life again.

5. Live glorious LORD, and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation sing;
And angels sound with endless joy
The SAVIOUR and the KING!

CCCXXX. *A Midnight Meditation.*

1. **T**HY daily mercies, O my God,
My waking thoughts employ;

M

And

And whilst by night I muse on thee,
My heart is fill'd with joy.

2. Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
Soft slumbers to mine eyes;
Thy goodness is again renew'd,
When in the morn I rise.
3. Throughout the business of the day,
Thine arm does me uphold;
Amidst the terrors of the night,
Thy presence makes me bold.

† CCCXXXI. *The Benefit of Afflictions.*

1. **T**HY people, Lord, have ever found
'Tis good to bear Thy rod;
Afflictions make us learn Thy law,
And live upon our God.
2. This is the comfort we enjoy,
When new distress begins;
We read Thy word, we run Thy way,
And hate our former sins.
3. Thy judgments, Lord, are always right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings we endure
Flow from thy faithful care.
4. Before we knew thy chast'ning rod,
Our feet were apt to stray;
But now we learn to keep Thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

CCCXXXII. *Self-examination.*

1. **T**HY piercing eye, O God, surveys
The various windings of our ways;
Teach us their tendency to know,
And try the paths in which we go!
2. How wild, how crooked have they been!
A maze of foolishness and sin!

With all the light we vainly boast
Without Thy aid, our souls are lost.

3. O turn us back to Thee again,
Or we shall search our ways in vain;
Shine and the path of life reveal,
And lead us up to Sion's hill!

CCCXXXIII. *The Shortness of Life.*

1. **T**IME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- [2. The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say, *They're here,*
But only say, *They're past.*]
3. Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh,
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]
4. Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet with the bounties of Thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
5. 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloath'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.
6. His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be His name ador'd!
7. Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes;
Let the next age Thy praise prolong,
'Till time and nature dies.

† CCCXXXIV.

† CCCXXXIV. *For a Funeral.*

TIS but a short uncertain space,
 Allow'd us here to live:
 Death unperceiv'd comes on apace,
 And may no warning give.
 Nor great, nor small, nor old, nor young,
 His fatal dart can fly;
 The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,
 Without distinction die.

Each day we live may be our last;
 God may determine so:
 E'er the next minute shall be past,
 We our last breath may draw.

And shall we trifle and delay,
 And still keep sinning on?
 Neglect our souls from day to day,
 'Till life and time are gone?

To-day, whilst yet 'tis call'd to-day,
 Let's hearken to his voice;
 Sin mortify and put away,
 And to a new life rise.

CCCXXXV. *Satan repulsed, or Mercy preventing Despair.*

1. **T**IS false: thou vile accuser, go,
 I see thro' all the thin disguise.
 Back to thy native realms below,
 Thou parent of deceit and lies!

2. Think not to drive my trembling soul,
 Laden with guilt, to black despair;
 Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,
 And found my name not written there?

3. Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
 To limit mercy's sov'reign reign;
 What other happy souls have found,
 I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

4. I own my guilt, thy charge confess,
 Nor can thy malice make it more;
 Of crimes already numberless
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
5. Set the black list before my sight,
 While I remember JESUS dy'd;
 'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
 To seek salvation at His side.
6. Low at His feet I'll cast me down,
 To him reveal my grief and fear;
 And if He spurns me from His throne,
 I'll be the first who perish'd there.

CCCXXXVI. *Moses, Aaron and Joshua.*

1. **T**IS not the law of ten commands
 On holy Sinai giv'n,
 Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
 Can bring us safe to heav'n.

2. 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
 Nor smoke of sweetest smell
 Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
 Or save our souls from hell.

3. Aaron the priest resigns his breath
 At God's immediate will;
 And in the desert yields to death
 Upon th' appointed hill.

4. And thus on Jordan's yonder side
 The tribes of Israel stand;
 While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd,
 Short of the promis'd land.

5. Israel rejoice, now * Joshua leads,
 He'll bring your tribes to rest;
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds
 The Ruler and the Priest.

* Joshua the same with Jesus and signifies a Saviour.

† CCCXXXVII. *For a Funeral.*

1. 'TIS Thy appointment, O my God!
I own the sentence just;
That sinful man resign his breath,
And turn again to dust.
2. And after death the judgment comes;
Our spirits haste away,
To pains that never will be past,
Or joys that ne'er decay.
3. Such is the change that death doth make;
Awful the scene indeed!
We die but once; the stroke of death
Eternal things succeed.
4. Help me to look beyond the grave;
The one thing needful mind;
So act my part, that at the last,
I life in death may find!
5. LORD, by Thy grace, fit me to die;
Then come the joyful day!
Attend ye angels from above,
And bear my soul away!

§ CCCXXXVIII. *Praise to God our Redeemer.*
Litchfield.

1. TO GOD, the only wise,
Our SAVIOUR and our KING,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
2. 'Tis His almighty Love
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
3. He will present his saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
5. To our Redeeming GOD,
Wisdom and pow'r belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty
And everlasting song.

† CCCXXXIX. *Breathing after Heavenly Things.*

1. TO thee, our God, we hourly sigh,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet we the brightest gems,
On the rich eastern shores.
2. Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness in its gayest forms,
Our restless thoughts enflame.
3. Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms
Our fond desires allure;
Far greater things than earth can yield
Our wishes would secure.
4. Those blissful, those transporting smiles,
That brighten heav'n above;
The boundless riches of Thy grace,
And treasures of Thy love.
5. These are the mighty things we crave;
(Each say the blessing's mine!)
And all the glories of the world
We gladly would resign.

† CCCXL. *God's Presence the good Man's Comfort.*

1. TO Thee, my God, my days are
known;
My soul enjoys the thought;

My

- My actions all before Thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.
Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to Thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before Thine eye appear.
The vacant hour, the active scene
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy
And ev'ry care of love.
Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by Thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
Full in Thy view thro' life I pass,
And in Thy view I die ;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.
Stripp'd of its little earthly all,
My soul in smiles shall go ;
And in a heav'nly heritage
Its FATHER'S bounty know.

CCCXLI. *The Sinner warned of Death.*

1. **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear !
Repent : Thy end is nigh !
Death at the farthest can't be far :
Oh ! think before thou die !
2. Reflect, thou hast a soul to save :
Thy sins how high they mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
How stands that dark account ?
3. Death enters, and there's no defence ;
His time there's none can tell :
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven or to hell.

4. Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume :
But ah ! destruction stops not there ;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
5. To-day, the gospel calls to-day :
Sinners, it speaks to you :
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue ;
6. Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile so e'er he be ;
Abundant pardon, peace with God
All giv'n entirely free.

CCCXLII. *Good Works.* (a)

1. **V**AIN man, to boast forbear
The knowledge in thy head ;
The sacred scriptures thus declare,
Faith without works is dead.
2. When CHRIST, the judge, shall come
To render each his due ;
He'll deal thy deeds their righteous doom,
And set thy works in view.
3. Food to the hungry give,
Give to the thirsty drink :
To follow CHRIST is to believe,
Dead faith is but to think.
4. The man that loves the LORD,
Will mind whate'er he bid ;
Will pay regard to all his word,
And *do* as JESUS did.
5. The dead professor counts
Good works as legal ties ;
His faith to action seldom mounts,
On doctrine he relies.

6. But

(a) Mr. J. Hart's hymns, p. 200.

6. But words engender strife;
Behold the gospel plan:
Trust in the Lord alone for life;
And do what good you can.

† CCCXLIII. *Aspiring towards Heaven.*

1. **V**AIN world be gone, nor vex our heart,
With thy deluding wiles;
Hence, empty promiser, depart,
With all thy soothing similes.
2. Superior bliss invites our eyes,
Delight unmix'd with woe;
Now let our nobler thoughts arise,
To joys unknown below!
3. Yon starry plains, how bright they shine,
With radiant specks of light;
Fair pavement of the courts divine,
That sparkles on the sight!
4. 'Tis distance lessens ev'ry star;
Could we behold them nigh,
Bright worlds of wonder would appear,
To our astonish'd eye.
5. Thus heav'nly joys attract our eyes,
Our heart the lustre warms;
But could we reach those upper skies,
How infinite their charms!
6. Come, heav'n-born faith, and aid our flight,
And guide our rising thought;
'Till death, still less'ning to our sight,
Shall vanish quite forgot.

† CCCXLIV. *A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.*

- [1. **U**P to the fields where angels lie
And living waters gently roll,

- Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
2. Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying CHRIST,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And Thou can'st bear me where Thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial dove.]
 3. O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies;
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes.]
 4. Had I a glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as tho' I saw 'em not,
As a dim candle dies at noon:
 5. Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunder round us roar.
 6. Great All in All, eternal KING,
Let me but view Thy lovely face;
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur, and thy Grace.

§ CCCXLV. *God's Condescension to human Affairs.*

1. **U**P to the LORD that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- [2. He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]
- [3. GOD, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,

Down

Down to our earth he casts his eyes ;
And bends his footsteps downward too.]

4. He over rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the king of kings
Bestows His counsels and His cares.
5. Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.
6. In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform ;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
7. O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace !
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

CCCXLVI. *Humility.*

1. **W**AS pride, alas, e'er made for man,
Blind, erring, guilty creature he ;
His birth so mean, his life a span,
His wisdom less than vanity ?
2. Tho' wealth and pow'r with dazzling ray,
And pageant state this nothing dress ;
On the fair idol shall we gaze,
And envy that as happiness ?
3. **J**ESUS, by thy instruction taught,
Our foolish passions are repress'd ;
We blush at our misguided thought
And see and call the humble bless'd.
4. To know ourselves, to learn of Thee
And bend our necks beneath Thy throne ;
Thus dictates wise humility,
This makes the wealth of heav'n our own.

† CCCXLVII. *The Church a Garden.*

1. **W**E are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
A little spot inclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
2. Like trees of myrrh and spice, we stand
Planted by GOD the FATHER'S hand ;
And all his Springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.
3. Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume ;
SPIRIT divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath !
4. Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our SAVIOUR GOD :
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here !
- [5. Let my beloved come, and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast !
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
6. Our LORD into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes ;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
7. "Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
"The blessings that my FATHER sends ;
"Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my love.
8. **J**ESUS, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our LORD :
But the rich food on which we live
Demand more praise than tongues can give.]

CCCXLVIII.

CCCXLVIII. *The Lord's Day; or Delight* † CCCL. *A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's-Supper.*

2. **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest
That saw the LORD arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

CCCXLIX. *Flesh and Spirit.*

1. **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and
Attend our mortal state? [sin
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2. Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and satan reign:
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3. So darkness struggles with the light
'Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4. Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

1. **W**HAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from
the skies,

Array'd in garments roll'd in Blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2. The LORD! the SAVIOUR! yes 'tis He,
I know Him by the smiles He wears;
Dear glorious MAN that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

3. Lo, He reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore!
Lo, He prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pang's He bore!

4. Whence flow these favors so divine?
LORD! why so lavish of Thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?

5. 'Twas His own love that made Him bleed,
That nail'd Him to the cursed tree;
'Twas His own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

6. Then let us taste the SAVIOUR's love,
Come faith, and feed upon the LORD!
With glad consent our lips shall move
And sweet *Hosannas* crown the board.

§ CCCLI. *The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church.*

PART I.

1. **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God
Comes travelling in state,
Along the *Idumean* road
Away from *Bozrah's* gate?

2. The

2. The glory of His robes proclaim
"Tis some victorious king :
" 'Tis I, the just, the almighty one
" That your salvation bring "
3. Why, mighty LORD, thy saints enquire,
Why Thine apparel red ?
And all Thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine press tread ?
4. " I by myself have trod the press,
" And crush'd my foes alone ;
" My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
" My fury stamp'd 'em down "
5. " 'Tis *Eden's* blood that dyes my robes
" With joyful scarlet stains ;
" The triumph that my raiment wears
" Sprung from their bleeding veins.
6. " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
" That dare insult my saints ;
" I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
" An ear for their complaints.

S F A R T II.

7. " I lift my banners, faith the LORD,
" Where *Antichrist* has stood ;
" The city of my gospel-foes
" Shall be a field of blood.
8. " My heart has study'd just revenge,
" And now the day appears ;
" The day of my redeem'd is come
" To wipe away their tears.
9. " Quite weary is my patience grown,
" And bids my fury go ;
" Swift as the lightning it shall move,
" And be as fatal too.
10. " I call for helpers, but in vain :
" Then has my gospel none ?

- " Well, mine own arm has might enough
" To crush my foes alone.
11. " Slaughter and my devouring sword
" Shall walk the streets around,
" *Babel* shall reel beneath my stroke,
" And stagger to the ground.
12. Thy honors, O victorious king,
Thine own right hand shall raise ;
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our deliverer praise.

+ CCCLII. *Christ crucifying.*

1. **W**HAT object's this that meets my eyes
From out *Jerusalem's* gate ;
Which fills my mind with such surprize,
As wonders to create ?
2. Who, can it be that groans beneath
A pond'rous cross of wood ;
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's bath'd in blood ?
3. Is this the man, can this be He,
E'en *JESUS*, *GOD'S* dear SON ;
Wapp'd in mortality to die
For crimes that I had done ?
4. O blessed sight ! O lovely form
To sinful souls like me !
I'll creep beside him as a worm,
And see Him die for me.
5. I'll hear his groans and view his wounds,
- Until, with happy *John*,
I on his breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.

CCCLIII. *Self-examination.*

1. **W**HAT strange perplexities arise ?
What anxious fears and jealousies ?
Crouded

- Crouded in doubtful light appear ;
And few alas ! approv'd and clear.
2. And what am I ? my soul awake,
And an impartial survey take !
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart, appear ?
3. What image does my spirit bear ?
Is JESUS form'd and living there ?
Say, do His lineaments divine
In thought and word and action shine ?
4. Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal ;
My fears remove ; let me appear
To GOD and my own conscience clear.
5. Scatter the clouds, that o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread ;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself *myself* display !
6. May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where CHRIST through all my soul shall
And give full proof that He is there, [live ;
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

† CCCLIV. *For a Publick Fast.*

1. **W**HEN *Abra'm*, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with a humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom su'd ;
2. With what success, what wond'rous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The LORD would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.
3. And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Good God ! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?

4. Britain, all-guilty as she is,
Has of true saints an host ;
See their united pray'rs ascend !
And shall these pray'rs be lost ?
5. Are not the righteous dear to Thee
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in her crimes ?
6. Still we are thine, we bear thy name
Here yet is thine abode ;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land ;
Forsake us not, O GOD !
7. O may our people, priests and king,
Thy choicest blessings share ;
And know Thee by that glorious name,
"The God who heareth pray'r !"

CCCLV. *God's Goodness and Care.*

PART I.

1. **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- [2. O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.]
3. Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- [4. To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt,
To form themselves in pray'r.
5. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd ;

Before

Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.]

6. When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man :
- [7. Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

PART II.

8. When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.]
- [9. Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.]
10. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
11. Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- [12. When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more ;
My ever-grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy shall adore.]
- [13. Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.]

† CCCLVI. *At the Funeral of a young Person.*

1. **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand ;
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
2. While pity prompts the rising sigh ;
O may this truth impress
With awful pow'r " I too must die,"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast !
3. Let this vain world engage no more !
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
4. The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey !
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray !
5. O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save !
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
6. Great God, Thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing healing pow'r !
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprizing pow'r.

† CCCLVII. *Strength from Heaven.*

1. **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts
arise ?
And where's our courage fled ?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead ?
2. Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the earth and sea ?

And

And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?

3. Treasures of everlasting might
In our JEHOVAH dwell ;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
4. Meer mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But we that wait upon the LORD,
Shall feel our strength increase.
5. The saints shall mount on eagles wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

CCCLVIII. *Our Support under Trials.*

1. **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies ;
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd ;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My GOD, my heav'n, my all.
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

CCCLIX. *The World's Three Chief Temptations.*

1. **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,

Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too.

- [2. Honor's a puff of noisly breath ;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.
3. Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust ;
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a fordid lust.]
4. The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls ;
There's but a drop of flattery sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
5. GOD is our all-sufficient good,
Our portion and our choice ;
In him our vast desires are fill'd,
And all our pow'rs rejoice.
6. In vain the world accosts our ear,
And tempts our hearts anew ;
We cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

† CCCLX. *The Cross.*

1. **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the PRINCE of glory
My richest gain I count but loss, [died,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the death of CHRIST my GOD :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See from his head, his hands and feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4. Were

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

† CCCLXI. *Reverential Hope of Pardon.*

1. **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2. If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks.
And trembles at the thought.

3. When thou, O LORD, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

4. But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament;
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

5. Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my SAVIOUR'S dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

6. For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure;
Who knows thine *only son* has dy'd
To make her pardon sure.

§ CCCLXII. *Come, Lord J E S U S.*

1. **W**HEN shall Thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our
GOD?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load!

[2. Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears;
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.]

3. Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest SAVIOUR, cleave the starry plains,
And make the chrystal mountains flow!

4. Hark, how Thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, thou, *the soul of all our joys*,
Thou, *the desire of nations*, come!

5. Put Thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears;
Thou absent *love*, thou dear *unknown*,
Thou *fairest of ten thousand fairs*!

6. Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet Thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend Thy shining chariot down.]

7. Now let our chearful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills;
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before Thy wheels.

8. O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

9. Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for JESUS comes.

[10. JESUS the God of might and love,
New mould our limbs of cumb'rous clay,
Quick as seraphic flames we move
Active and young, and fair as they!

11. Our airy feet with unknown flight
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.]

† CCCLXIII. *Comfort in Sickness and Death.*

1. **W**HEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long deluded eyes.
2. Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal sceptre shews;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.
3. The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.
4. The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,
From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.
5. Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heav'n his soul relies;
With joy he views his maker's love,
And with composure dies.

CCCLXIV. *The Day of Visitation.*

1. **W**HEN storms hang o'er the *Christi-*
an's head,
He flies unto his God;
And under His refreshing shade
Finds a secure abode.
2. When foes without and lusts within
Seek to disturb his peace;

To God he makes his sorrows known,
And straight his sorrows cease.

3. When winds of strong temptation blow,
And floods of trouble roll;
God is the help and refuge too
Of his distressed soul.
4. But when tremendous terrors seize,
Where will the *sinner* fly?
He feels a thousand agonies,
And no deliv'rer nigh.

† CCCLXV. *Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth.*

1. **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my SAVIOUR dwell;
Where He is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love Him too.
2. My best-beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
- [3. In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lillies shew their spotless heads.
4. He has ingross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in His heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]
- [5. He takes my soul e'er I'm aware,
And shews me where His glories are;
No chariot of *Amminadib*
The heavenly rapture can describe.
6. O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies;

'Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love !]

CCCLXVI. *Redemption by Christ.*

- W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God ;
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood ;
2. Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son ;
Descending from the heavenly Court
He left His FATHER'S throne.
3. Aside the prince of glory threw
His most divine array ;
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
4. His living pow'r and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men ;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
5. O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The SAVIOUR'S praises speak.
- [6. Yes, we will praise Thee, dearest LORD,
Our souls are all on flame ;
Hosanna round the spacious earth,
To Thine adored name.]
- [7. Thine honor shall for ever be
The business of our days ;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak Thy deserved praise.]
8. Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

CCCLXVII. *Sickness and Recovery.*

1. **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep
Distress,
Our God deserves a song ;
We take the pattern of our praise
From *Hezekiah's* tongue,
2. The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain ;
If He that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.
3. Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears ;
" Our days are past, and we shall lose
" The remnant of our years.
4. We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn ;
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.
5. JEHOVAH speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands :
Fevers and plagues obey the LORD,
And fly at his commands.
6. If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore :
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

CCCLXVIII. *The Hazard of loving the Creatures.*

1. **W**HERE-e'er my flatt'ring passions
rove,
I find a lurking snare ;
'Tis dang'rous to let loose our love
Beneath th' Eternal fair.
2. Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,

Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

3. Nature has soft but pow'rful bands,
And reason she controuls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.
4. Thoughtless they act th' old serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
LORD how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!
5. Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls;
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.
6. Dear sov'reign, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
GOD in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in Thee.

† CCCLXIX. *Longing to be with Christ.*

1. WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand:
My spirit struggles with my clay
And longs to wing its flight away.
2. Where JESUS dwells my soul would be;
And saints my much-lov'd Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.
3. Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home!
Ye know the way to JESU'S throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.
4. That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view His face
Thro' the full beamings of His grace!

5. As with a Seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a Cherub's wing!
Performing with unwear'd hands
The present SAVIOUR'S high commands!
6. Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait Thy signal for the flight;
For while Thy service we pursue,
We find a heav'n begun below.

CCCLXX. *A good Conscience.*

1. WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll;
And seek the joys which hurt the
Be ours that silent calm repast, [soul;
A peaceful Conscience to the last!
2. With this companion in the shade,
Our souls no more shall be dismay'd;
We will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
3. Though heav'n afflict, we'll not complain;
The noblest comforts still remain;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with us thro' the vale.
4. Amidst the various scenes of ills
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall we murmur at our God,
When sov'reign love directs the rod?
5. His hand will smooth our rugged way,
And lead us to the realms of day;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

CCCLXXI. *Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.*

1. WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2. With

- With joy the FATHER doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love ;
The SON with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of His agonies.
3. The SPIRIT takes delight to view
The holy soul He form'd a-new ;
And *saints* and *angels* join to sing
The growing empire of their king.

§ CCCLXXII. *Worshipping with Fear.*

1. **W**HO dares attempt th' eternal name
With notes of mortal sound ?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.
2. Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And heaven attends his smile ;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.
- [3. Celestial KING our spirits lie
Prostrate beneath Thy feet ;
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach Thy lofty seat.]
4. When shall we see the great *Unknown*,
And in Thy presence stand ?
Reveal the splendors of Thy throne ;
But shield us with Thy hand.
- [5. In Thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines !
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.
6. Angels are lost in sweet surprize,
If Thou unveil Thy grace ;
And humble awe runs thro' the skies,
When wrath arrays Thy face.]
7. When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad ;

Not all the fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a GOD.

8. Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain ;
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach Thy thoughts in vain.
9. Created pow'rs, how weak they be !
How short our praises fall !
So much a-kin to *nothing* we,
And thou th' eternal *all*.

CCCLXXIII. *The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.*

1. **W**HO has believ'd Thy Word,
Or Thy salvation known ?
Reveal thine arm, almighty LORD,
And glorify thy SON.
2. The *Jews* esteem'd Him here
Too mean for their belief :
Sorrows His chief acquaintance were,
And His companion grief.
3. They turn their eyes away,
And treated Him with scorn ;
But 'twas their grief upon Him lay,
Their sorrows He has born.
4. 'Twas for the stubborn *Jews*
And *Gentiles* then unknown,
The GOD of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved SON.
5. " But I'll prolong his days,
" And make his kingdom stand.
" My pleasure (saith the God of Grace)
" Shall prosper in His hand.
- [6. " His joyful soul shall see
" The purchase of His pain ;
" And by His knowledge justify
" The guilty sons of men.]
- N 3 [7. " Ten

- [7. "Ten thousand captive slaves,
"Releas'd from death and sin,
"Shall quit their prisons and their graves;
"And own His pow'r divine.]
- [8. "Heav'n shall advance my Son
"To joys that earth deny'd;
"Who saw the follies men had done,
"And bore their sins and dy'd.]

CCCLXXIV. *The Christian.* 78.

1. **W**HO is as the christian great?
Bought, and wash'd with sacred
Crowns He sees beneath his feet, [blood,
Soars aloft and walks with God.
2. Who is as the christian wise?
He his *nought* for *all* hath given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.
3. Who is as the christian blest?
He hath found the long'd-for stone,
He is join'd to CHRIST his rest,
He and happiness are one.
4. Earth and Heaven together meet,
Gifts in Him and graces join,
Make the character compleat,
All immortal all divine.
5. Lo! his cloathing is the Sun,
The bright SUN of righteousness;
He hath put salvation on,
JESUS is the beauteous dress.
6. Lo! He feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on JESU'S breast his head,
Feasts for ever on his love!
7. Angels here his servants are,
Spread for Him their golden wings;

To his throne of glory bear,
Seat Him by the king of kings.

8. Who shall gain that heavenly height?
Who his Saviour's face shall see?
I who claim it in his right,
Christ who bought it all for me.

† CCCLXXV. *Christ's Love and the Soul's Jealousy of her own.*

- [1. **W**HO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness;
And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?]
2. This is the spouse of CHRIST our God,
Bought with the treasures of His blood;
And her request and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.]
3. "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on Thy heart and on Thy hand:
"Seal me upon Thine arm; and wear
"That pledge of love for ever there.
4. "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;
"And hell and earth in vain combine
"To quench a fire so much divine.
5. "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from Thee depart;
"Then let Thy name be well impress'd
"As a fair signet on my breast.
6. "'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come;
"Thy count'nance let me often see,
"And often Thou shalt hear from me.
7. "Come my beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay,
"Fly, like a youthful heart or roe,
"Over the hills where spices grow!

CCCLXXVI.

CCCLXXVI. *The Triumph of Faith.*

1. **W**HO shall the LORD's elect condemn?
'Tis GOD that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
2. Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis CHRIST that suffer'd in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!
3. He lives, He lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?
4. Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness;
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.
5. Faith hath an over-coming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
CHRIST is our life, our joy our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
6. Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor Pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove, [love.
Or wean our hearts from CHRIST our

† CCCLXXVII. *Sufficiency of Pardon.*

1. **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?
2. What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies;
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3. What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell;
And has its curst foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?
4. See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace!
Behold a dying SAVIOUR's veins
The sacred flood increase!
5. It rises high and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
6. Awake our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults;
And pard'ning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts!

CCCLXXVIII. *Worldly Anxiety reproved.*

1. **W**HY do I thus perplex
My life, a breath of air,
With fears of distant ills; and vex
My heart with fruitless care?
2. Can thought and toil increase
My days appointed sum?
Why waste I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for years to come?
3. These covetous desires,
These restless cares I leave
To them whose hope at death expires,
And who in chance believe.
4. Will he whose bounty gave
My life, its food deny?
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,
Its cravings not supply?

5. Behold

5. Behold the flow'rs that grow,
That for the furnace stand,
With what rich dyes their garments glow
Without the lab'ring hand.

6. The tribes that wing the sky,
That neither sow nor reap,
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and sleep.

7. Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow slay:
The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

8. To nobler work applied
My soul shall upwards climb;
And trust my father to provide
The needful things of time.

† CCCLXXIX. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

1. **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all his saints He blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;

Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake ye Nations under ground!
Ye Saints, ascend the skies.

CCCLXXX. *The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit.*

1. **W**HY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great COMFORTER, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace!

2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4. Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And thy soft wings, celestial dove,
Will safe convey me home.

† CCCLXXXI. *The End of the World.*

1. **W**HY should this earth delight us so
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And every Pleasure dies?

2. While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour;
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3. Nature

3. Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race;
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my SAVIOUR'S face.
4. When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

CCCLXXXII. *Christ's Presence makes Death easy.*

1. **W**HY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals
Death is the gate of endless joy. [are!
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. O, if my LORD would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past!
4. JESUS, can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy Pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

CCCLXXXIII. *Names and Titles of Christ.*
4—6s. and 4—4 or 2—8.

- [1. **W**ITH chearful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord;
And borrow all the names
Of Honor from his word;
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply

Sufficient forms
Of Majesty.

2. In JESUS we behold
His father's glorious face;
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' Eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]
3. The sov'reign KING of KINGS,
The LORD of LORDS most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh;
His name is call'd
The word of GOD;
He rules the earth
With iron rod.
4. Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move;
The angry LAMB resents
His much abused love;
Awakes his wrath,
Without delay;
As lions roar
And tear the prey.
5. But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes;
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes?
Light of the world,
And Life of men;
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.
6. Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart;

When he descends to act

A *Mediator's* part :

He is a *Friend*,

And *Brother* too ;

Divinely kind,

Divinely true.

7. At length the *LORD*, the *Judge*

His awful throne ascends ;

And drives the rebels far

From favourites and friends :

Then shall the saints

Completely prove

The heights and depths

Of all his love.

† CCCLXXXIV. *Christ's Compassion to the weak and tempted.*

2. **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high-priest above ;

His heart is made of tenderness,

His bowels melt with love.

2. Touch'd with a sympathy within,

He knows our feeble frame ;

He knows what sore temptations mean ;

For he has felt the same.

3. But spotless, innocent and pure

The great *Redeemer* stood ;

While Satan's fiery darts he bore,

And did resist to blood.

4. He, in the days of feeble flesh,

Pour'd out his cries and tears ;

And, in his measure, feels afresh

What every member bears.

[5. He'll never quench the smoking flax,

But raise it to a flame ;

The bruised reed He never breaks,

Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6. Then let our humble faith address

His mercy and his power !

We shall obtain deliver'ing grace

In the distressing hour.

CCCLXXXV. *Farewel to the World* 78.

1. **W**ORLD adieu, thou real cheat !

Oft have thy deceitful charms

Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,

Foolish hopes and false alarms :

2. Vain thy entertaining sights,

False thy promises renew'd,

All the pomp of thy delights

Does but flatter and delude :

3. Farewel honor's empty pride !

Thy own nice, uncertain gust ;

If the least mischance beide,

Lays Thee lower than the dust :

4. Foolish Vanity, farewell,

More inconstant than the wave !

Where thy soothing fancies dwell,

Purest tempers they deprave :

5. Never shall my wand'ring mind

Follow after fleeting toys ;

Since in *God* alone I find

Solid and substantial joys.

6. *LORD*, how happy is a heart,

After thee while it aspires !

True and faithful as thou art,

Thou shalt answer its Desires.

CCCLXXXVI. *Universal Praise.*

4—6 and 2—8.

1. **Y**E boundless realms of joy
Exalt your *MAKER's* fame ;

His

His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame.
Your voices raise, ye Cherubim
And Seraphim to sing His praise.

2. Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
The people He brings near,
And gives to taste his love;
While earth and sky attempt his praise,
His saints should raise his honors high.

CCCLXXXVII. *The Advantages of early Religion.*

1. **Y**E happy youth whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hate the sinner's path, and fear
The path that leads to hell.
2. When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
3. 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.
4. 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.

CCCLXXXVIII. *The Triumph of Faith.*
8—6s.

1. **Y**E servants of God,
Your MASTER proclaim;
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;

The name all-victorious
Of JESUS extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2. The waves of the sea
Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we
In JESUS rejoice:
The floods they are roaring,
But JESUS is here;
While we are adoring,
He always is near.
3. Men, Devils engage,
The billows arise,
And horribly rage,
And threaten the skies;
Their fury shall never
Our steadfastness shock,
The weakest believer
Is built on a rock.
4. God ruleth on high
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To JESUS our KING.
5. Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the SON!
Our JESUS's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

6. Then let us adore
And give him his right ;
All glory and pow'r
And wisdom and might ;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing
And infinite love.

CCCLXXXIX. *The faithful active Minister.*

1. **Y**E servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait ;
Observant of His heav'nly word,
And watchful at His gate !
2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name !
3. Watch, 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak He's near .
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear !
4. O happy servant he,
In such a posture found
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.
5. Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that fav'rite servant's head
Amidst th' angelic band.

CCCXC. *Youth and Judgment.*

1. **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your
tongue ;
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire !

2. Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth ; but know
There is a day of judgment too !
3. GOD from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness ye have done,
Must all appear before the sun.
4. The vengeance to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror thro' ;
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?
5. Almighty GOD, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities ;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the LORD.

CCCXCI. *Temptation.*

1. **Y**E tempted souls reflect
Whose name 'tis ye profess ;
Your master's lot ye must expect,
Temptations more or less.
2. Dream not of faith so clear,
As shuts all doubtings out ;
Remember how the Dev'l could dare
To tempt ev'n CHRIST to doubt.
3. " If thou'rt the son of God,
(O what an IF was there !)
" Those stones here speak them into food
" And make that sonship clear."
4. View that amazing scene !
Say could the tempter try
To shake a tree so sound, so green ?
Good God defend the dry !
5. But here's our point of rest ;
Tho' hard the battle seem,

Our captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand thro' Him.

§ CCCXCII. *The Creator praised.*

2—8 and 6 twice.

YE works of God, on Him alone,
In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

2. Ye angels, that with loud acclaim,
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd th' eternal king;
Again proclaim your maker's praise,
Again your thankful voices raise,
And sacred anthems sing.

3. Ye sons of men, His praise display,
Who stamp'd His image on your clay,
And gave it power to move;
Ye that in Christian confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

4. And ye, your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before His altars kneel;
Where thron'd in Majesty He dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

5. Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the bless'd abode,
To heav'nly mansions soar'd;
O let your songs His praise display,
'Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

6 Praise Him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share;

O praise Him 'till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

§ CCCXCIII. *Dialogue of Angels and Men.*

1. **A.** **Y**E worms of earth our God admire,
The God of Angels praise:

M. Praise him for us ye angels choir,
The earth-born sons of grace.

2. *A.* His image view, in us display'd
His nobler creatures view:

M. Lower than you our souls he made;
But He redeem'd them too.

3. *A.* As gods we did in glory shine,
Before the world began:

M. Our nature too becomes divine,
And God himself is man.

4. *A.* He cloath'd us in these robes of light,
The shadow of his Son:

M. We with transcendent glory bright
Have CHRIST himself put on.

5. *A.* Spirits like Him he made us be,
A pure ætherial flame:

M. Join'd to the LORD, one spirit we
With JESUS are the same.

6. *A.* We see Him on his dazzling throne,
Crowns He to us imparts:

M. To us the king of kings comes down,
And reigns within our hearts.

7. *A.* Pure as He did at first create,
We angels never fell:

M. He saves us in our lost estate,
And rescues man from hell.

8. *A.* When others sinn'd, we faithful prov'd,
His love preserv'd us true;

O

M. Yet

M. Yet own that we are more lov'd,
He never dy'd for you.

9. *A.* Worms of the earth, to you we own
The nobler grace is giv'n:
Then praise with us the great Three-One,
'Till we all meet in heav'n.

§ CCCXCIV. *Thanksgiving for Victory.*

1. **Z**ION rejoice, and *Judah* sing;
The **LORD** sits on his throne;
Let *Britain* own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.
2. The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
JEHOVAH rides upon a cloud,
And thunders thro' the world.
3. He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.
4. Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his Breath!
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.
5. Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
JEHOVAH's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

- [6. Long may the King, our sov'reign, live,
To rule us by his word;
And all the honors we can give
Be offer'd to the **LORD**!]

* CCCXCV. *God the Creator.*

1. **Z**ION thy great Creator praise;
Him the creation sings;
With his lov'd name rocks, hills and seas
And heav'ns high palace rings.
2. His hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
3. His glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight
Through skies and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
4. Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill
And speak the builder God.
5. But still the wonders of his grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore and love.

H Y M N S

PECULIARLY ADAPTED TO THE

L O R D's S U P P E R.

Hymns to precede the Administration.

CCCXCVI. *Scruples removed.*

1. **A**ND shall I let Him go?
If now I do not *feel*
The streams of living water flow,
Shall I forsake the well?
2. Because He hides his face,
Shall I no longer stay;
But leave the channels of his grace,
And cast the means away?
3. Get Thee behind me, fiend,
On others try thy skill;
Here let Thy hellish whispers end,
To Thee I say, *Be still.*
4. JESUS hath spoke the word,
His will my reason is;
Do this, in mem'ry of Thy LORD;
JESUS hath said, *Do this.*
5. He bids me eat the bread,
He bids me drink the wine;

No other motive, LORD, I need,
No other word than Thine.

6. I chearfully comply
With what my LORD doth say;
Let others ask a reason why,
My glory is t' obey.
7. His will is good and just;
Shall I His will withstand?
If JESUS bid me lick the dust,
I bow at His command.

8. Because He saith, *Do this*,
This I will always do:
'Till JESUS come in glorious bliss,
I thus His death will *shew*.

† CCCXCVII. *The Penitent pardoned.*

1. **W**HEN CHRIST, at Simon's table
plac'd,
His sacred doctrine taught;
A penitent behind Him stood,
Whom love had thither brought.

O 2

2. She,

148 HYMNS TO PRECEDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2. She, with devotion, kiss'd His feet,
Bath'd them with flowing eyes;
Then dries them with her spreading locks,
And fragrant oil applies.
3. 'Twas love these fun'ral tears prepar'd,
Before her LORD was dead;
Officious love supply'd the balm,
Before His wounds had bled.
4. Her faith the virtue of His blood
Apply'd, before 'twas spilt;
To wash her soul from ev'ry stain,
And expiate her guilt.
5. The SAVIOUR'S sympathizing heart
Her pious sorrow feels;
Commends her faith, her love applauds;
His pard'ning grace reveals.
6. Thus ev'ry soul succeeds, that bows
At the REDEEMER'S feet;
Those who repent, believe, and love,
CHRIST at his table meet.
7. The motions of Thy sov'reign grace,
LORD, let no sin controul;
Forgiving glances from Thy eyes
Will ravish ev'ry soul.
8. These faithful pledges of Thy love
Declare thee still the same:
For these memorials of Thy cross
We praise Thy sacred name.

† CCCXCVIII. *The worthy Communicant.*

1. **A** MEETNESS, LORD, thou dost re-
All *merit* I disclaim; [quire,
The graces of Thy Spirit grant,
To make a congru'us frame.
2. *Knowledge* CHRIST'S history reports,
Tells what these symbols mean;

Faith ratifies, approves, applauds
The wise Redemption scheme.

3. *Repentance* views a Saviour pierc'd,
With broken, bleeding heart;
Love, him adores, and weeping cries,
"My LORD, my GOD Thou art."
4. The brethren, *Charity* cements,
And gives the kiss of peace;
Desire and *hope* press forward to
The joys that never cease.
5. *Delight* on cov'nant blessings feasts,
And calls them all its own;
Zeal fires the soul; humbly resolves
Nothing shall take its crown.
6. Adorn me with each grace, then I
A welcome guest shall be:
My spikenard will its odours give,
While here I feast with Thee.

† CCCXCIX. *Seeking Christ.*

1. **T**IS not a dead external sign
Which here my hopes require;
The living pow'r of love divine
In JESUS I desire.
2. I want the dear *Redeemer's* grace,
I seek the Crucify'd;
The *Man* that suffer'd in my place,
My GOD, that groan'd and dy'd.
3. Swift as, their rising LORD to find,
The two disciples ran;
I seek the SAVIOUR of mankind,
May I not seek in vain!
4. Come all who long his face to see,
That did our burthen bear;
Hasten to *Calvary* with me,
And we shall find him there!

HYMNS TO PRECEDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 149

1 CD. *The Love of God and Christ.*

1. **E**TERNAL FATHER, how divine,
How noble is this gift of thine!
That thou should'st send thy ONLY SON,
That holy, lov'd, and lovely one.
2. The noblest object of thy love,
To leave his throne and crown above,
To dwell with mortals here below,
And death for them to undergo!
3. And thou, blest SAVIOUR, who didst come
So freely from thy heav'nly home,
To make thyself a sacrifice
For criminals and enemies.
4. How full of wonder is that love,
That could determine Thee to move
From thy illustrious palace, where,
The heav'nly host did Thee revere!
5. Where flaming seraphs bow'd before
Thy awful sceptre, to adore
Thy holy, holy, holy name,
And thy perfections to proclaim!
6. That made Thee all this glory leave,
A veil of human flesh receive;
To live in grief and misery,
And after all to bleed and die!
7. To die a death the most accurst,
And of all deaths the very worst;
To be with ling'ring torments slain,
Abus'd with scoffs, and vile disdain!
8. All this Thou bor'st for us, that we
Holy and happy too might be;
And with Thee in thy kingdom reign,
When Thou, dear LORD, shalt come again.

2 CD. *Christ's Incarnation the Joy of Angels.*

1. **C**OME let us bless the glorious name
Of our great prince, Immanuel;

Who from heav'n's highest regions came,
To save us from the lowest hell.

2. Nor did this Prince of life disdain
A mortal body to assume;
To live in sorrow, die in pain,
And be interr'd within a tomb.
3. That men, by guilt of life bereav'd,
Might have their num'rous sins forgiv'n;
Rebels might be to grace receiv'd,
T' enlarge the family of heav'n.
4. Th' angelic host this grace admire,
Which reconciles apostate man;
To sound that mystic deep desire,
Contriv'd before the world began.
5. They with soft music fill'd the air,
When first our SAVIOUR drew his breath -
They cheer'd his mind, oppress'd with care,
When tempted and approaching death.
6. They now around his throne above,
To heav'nly airs their voices raise;
With humble joy that grace approve,
Which yields them endless songs of praise.
7. While they loud *Hallelujahs* sing,
Above our notes, our thoughts above;
In glad *Hosannas* to our King,
We'll sing of reconciling love.

CDII. *Christ offered on the Cross.*

1. **I**MMORTAL praise be giv'n
And glory in the high'st,
To th' GOD of peace, who sent from
His own beloved CHRIST [heav'n]
2. Him a sin-offering made
For Adam's guilty sons;
Our pressing crimes upon Him laid,
For which his blood atones.

150 HYMNS TO PRECEDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3. Such torments He endur'd,
As none e'er felt before ;
That joy and bliss might be secur'd
To us for ever more.
4. Hurry'd from bar to bar,
With blows and scoffs abus'd ;
Revil'd by *Herod's* men of war,
With *Pilate's* scourges bruise'd.
5. His sweet and rev'rend face
With spittle all profan'd ;
That visage, full of heav'nly grace,
With his own blood distain'd.
6. Stretch'd on the cruel tree,
He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd ;
And in a mortal agony
Languish'd a while, and dy'd :
7. But dying left a wound
On the old serpent's head ;
For which no cure can e'er be found ;
And soon rose from the dead :
8. Then did to heav'n ascend,
That we might thither go ;
Where love and praises have no end,
Where joys no changes know.

† CDIII. *Love on a Cross.*

1. **B**EHOLD the SAVIOUR of the world
Imbru'd with sweat and gore ;
Expiring on that shameful cross,
Where He our sorrows bore !
2. Compassion for lost human race
Brought down heav'n's ONLY SON ;
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for their sins atone.
3. Who can to love His name forbear,
That of His sufferings hears ;

- And finds the ransom of his soul
Was blood as well as tears ?
4. Thy sacred blood, O SON of GOD !
Which ran from ev'ry wound ;
When earth's and hell's malicious pow'rs
All compass'd Thee around.
5. 'Till death's pale ensigns o'er Thy cheeks
And trembling lips were spread,
'Till light forsook Thy dying eyes,
And life Thy drooping head.
6. Joy for Thy torments we receive,
Life in Thy death have found ;
For the reproaches of Thy cross,
Shall be with glory crown'd.
7. May we a grateful sense retain
Of Thy redeeming love !
And live *below* like those that hope
To live with Thee *above* !

† CDIV. *Christ crucify'd.*

1. **L**ORD, what a spectacle is here,
To move my grief, to move my fear !
My dear REDEEMER here I see,
Pierc'd thro' the heart, nail'd to the tree !
2. All nature sicken'd when 'twas done ;
A fainting horror seiz'd the sun ;
Sunk in a swoon, three hours he lay,
And from the sight withdrew the day.
3. The earth convuls'd with terror stood,
And blush'd to see her MAKER'S blood ;
Ev'n stubborn stones did then relent,
And rocks with pangs of grief were rent.
4. The temple rent its veil in two,
To shew what our hard hearts should do ;
And when he rose, he shook the dead,
And rous'd them from their dusty bed.

HYMNS TO PRECEDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 151

5. Can senseless things His torture feel ?
The earth be shook, the mountains reel ?
The dead awake ? And shall not I
Be mov'd to see my SAVIOUR die ?
6. LORD, break my heart ! melt both my eyes !
Echo my voice to all His cries ;
And thus lament a SAVIOUR slain,
Lament Thy sins that gave Him pain !

CDV. *No Sacrifice like that of Christ.*

1. **W**HEREWITH shall I, a sinful worm,
JEHOVAH's holy place draw nigh ?
With what oblations shall I bow
Before the throne of GOD most high ?
2. Shall I burnt off'rings to Him bring,
Calves taken from their tender dams ?
Will GOD be pleas'd if I should slay
A thousand and a thousand rams ?
3. Shall I upon his altar pour
Rivers of oil ten thousand times ;
Or my first born an off'ring make,
To expiate my odious crimes ?
4. No — GOD is so incens'd by sin,
Such off'rings all would be in vain ;
Too mean to save the guilty soul,
And purge it from so foul a stain.
5. With broken heart and fervent cries,
Dear JESUS to thy cross I fly ;
Tho' other refuge fail, on Thee
My soul with safety can rely.
6. The blood, descending from Thy wounds,
Becomes both oil and wine to ours ;
No ease, 'till Thy kind hand this balm
Into the wounded conscience pours.
7. As at Thy table we behold
Thy all-sufficient sacrifice ;

- Let's feel the virtue of Thy blood,
Which heals and cheers, and purifies.
8. So while Thy sacred courts we tread ;
To Thee, O GOD, our life and joy,
We'll bring the sacrifice of praise ;
In praise our hearts and tongues employ :

† CDVI. *The Supper instituted.*

1. **T**HAT doleful night, when our dear
LORD
Into the garden did retreat,
To vent his grief in cries and tears,
In pray'rs, and in a bloody sweat.
2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :
What love thro' all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace He spake !
3. " This is my body, broke for sin,
" Receive and eat the living food : "
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood. "
4. All ye, my friends, must drink of this,
Your sin's remission here ye see ;
" Perform this ord'nance as I do,
" And when ye do't, remember *me*. "
5. Yes, LORD, we will remember Thee
And Thy love, more than fragrant wine ;
How can we e'er Thy cross forget,
Which made thee ours, and made us thine ?
6. Our right-hand first shall lose its art,
Our tongue forget to speak or move ;
E'er we'll prove thoughtless of Thy wounds,
Those tend'rest marks of matchless love.
7. We'll thus commemorate Thy death,
'Till thou appear on earth again ;

And,

152 HYMNS TO PRECEDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

And, LORD, remember us we pray,
Make haste to take thy pow'r, and reign.

† CDVII. *Behold the Man!*

1. **Y**E, who our LORD's great banquet
And welcome places find [share,
His table round, his praises sound
With well-tun'd voice and mind.
2. Remember all his acts of love,
His torments ev'ry one :
How angels fear'd, and mortals jeer'd,
Blasphem'd and spit upon.
3. His head how torn with thorns, his face
(Divinely bright before)
How marr'd more than the sons of men,
Reeking with sweat and gore !
4. See in his hands and feet the nails
Piercing the tender veins !
See how each wound the blushing ground
With precious tincture stains !
5. See water mix'd with crimson blood,
Spouting thro' his side wound ;
A stream wherein we're wash'd from sin,
And all our guilt is drown'd !
6. But, O ! what terrors wreck'd his soul
In that last agony.
When (e'er he dy'd) " My God, he cry'd,
" Why hast forsaken me ?
7. Thus groan'd and dy'd the Son of God,
That we might ever live ;
There, where all blifs our souls can wish,
Or can contain, He'll give.
8. Mean while the myst'ries of his grace
His table here displays ;
O how his love our souls should move,
And tongues to sing his praise !

† CDVIII. *The witnessing Spirit.*

1. **C**OME, *Holy Ghost*, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give ;
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.
2. Spectators of the pangs divine
O that we now may be ;
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree !
3. Give us to hear the dreadful sound
Which told his mortal pain ;
Tore up the graves and shook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain.
4. Repeat the SAVIOUR's dying cry,
In ev'ry heart so loud ;
That ev'ry heart may now reply,
This was the SON of GOD !

† CDIX. *In Remembrance of me.*

1. **D**EEP in our breasts let us record
The story of our dying LORD ;
As we his kind memorials view,
Our wonder and our love renew.
2. From heav'n the LORD of glory came,
On earth to bear reproach and shame ;
The SON of GOD, his face to veil,
Assumes a body weak and frail.
3. The meek, the just, the holy one
Under the weight of sin does groan :
He on a cross resigns his breath,
Who keeps the keys of hell and death.
4. 'Twas thus, because He'd have it so,
That we his wond'rous love might know ;
To give us ease He felt our pain,
And dy'd that we might life obtain.

5. Thus

5. Thus sin, death, and the pow'rs of hell
Conquer'd, disarm'd, and wounded fell!
He mounted then his throne above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

6. LORD, since our pardon and our bliss
Were bought at such a price as this;
As thou art ours, we're thine alone,
Thine will we be, and not our own.

† CDX. *Loving Christ for loving us.*

1. MY blessed SAVIOUR, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to thee!

2. I love Thee for the glorious worth
In thy great self I see;
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endur'd for me.

3. No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his *friend* to die;
But Thou for *enemies* wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

4. Tho' in the very form of GOD,
With heav'nly glory crown'd,
Thou would'st partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

5. Thou would'st, like wretched man, be made
In ev'ry thing but sin;
That we as like Thee might become,
As we unlike have been.

6. Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In ev'ry beauteous grace;
From glory thus to glory chang'd,
As we behold thy face.

7. O LORD, I'll treasure in my soul
The mem'ry of Thy love;

And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.

[8. Thy friends, *the excellent on earth*,
Shall be my chief delight:
And when alone, I'll make thy law
My study day and night.

9. Where thou dost pitch thy tent, and where
Thy honour deigns to dwell;
There I'll fix mine, and there reside,
There Thy love's wonders tell.]

10. The pledges of Thy love shall there,
Revive this heart of mine;
Thy love, more fragrant and more sweet
Than bowls of gen'rous wine.

† CDXI. *The Greatness of Christ's Love.*

1. YE happy guests, who meet around
This table, your oblations bring:
Here ev'ry one's a priest, who has
A heart to love, and tongue to sing.

2. Our SAVIOUR's bleeding sacrifice,
His boundless love and grace displays;
As a just homage, He demands
Our sacrifice of love and praise.

[3. 'Twas love expos'd Him to reproach,
To unexampled grief and pain:
Less pow'r than that of love divine
Nor would nor could his cross sustain.]

4. See Him abandon'd by his friends;
By a perfidious kiss betray'd;
Sold as a despicable slave;
With swords and staves a pris'ner made!

5. See Him to the tribunal led;
There charg'd with crimes by men suborn'd;
By princes and by priests condemn'd;
And by the vilest wretches scorn'd!

6. That

154 HYMNS TO PRECEDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

6. That awful face, which low respect
From prostrate angels did command,
Spit on by men of servile state,
And struck by each rude soldier's hand.
7. Bearing his cross to *Golgotha*,
With lab'ring steps behold Him go!
And from his wounds, when open'd there,
O see what crimson rivers flow!
8. Plung'd in these streams, our guilty souls
Purg'd from their num'rous sins shall be;
Justice and mercy, tho' provok'd
By us, O LORD, are pleas'd with Thee.
9. O LAMB of GOD, who bor'st our guilt,
To Thee immortal praise belongs:
While we Thy love and sufferings sing,
Angels shall hear, and join their songs.

‡ CDXII. *The King at his Table.*

1. **B**EHOLD the KING of Glory sits
At table with his guests!
Welcomes them all with gracious smiles,
Them all with dainties feasts!
2. No common food He here presents,
No common drink provides:
For meat He gives his flesh; for wine,
The spear his heart divides.
3. LORD, give us faith to raise our thoughts
Beyond the views of sense;
Teach us thy myst'ries to discern,
And draw new joys from thence!
4. Let's know thy wounded body fell
An offering for our guilt;
Let's know, to wash us from our sins,
Thy heart's pure blood was spilt!
5. So shall our minds and voices join,
In sacred harmony,

To celebrate Thy grace, and sing
Hallelujah to Thee.

‡ CDXIII. *My Flesh is Meat indeed.*

1. **L**ORD, we approach thy throne,
To Thee thank-off'rings bring;
For in thy temple ev'ry one
Should of Thy glory sing.
2. Thy table we draw near,
To which thy calls invite;
We find the best of dainties here
To give our souls delight.
3. Thy flesh is meat indeed,
Thy blood the richest wine;
How blest are they who often feed
On this repast of thine!
4. May joy, with humble fear,
A true devotion raise,
In all who are assembled here,
To celebrate Thy praise!
5. And if such feasts as this
Such pleasure yield below;
What joys swim in those floods of bliss,
Which at thy right-hand flow!

* CDXIV. *The Affections raised.*

1. **O** WHAT a soul-transporting feast
Doth this communion yield!
Rememb'ring here Thy passion past,
We with thy love are fill'd.
2. Sure instrument of present grace
Thy sacrament we find;
Yet higher blessings it displays,
And raptures still behind.
3. It bears us now on eagles wings,
If Thou the pow'r impart,

And

HYMNS TO PRECEDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 155

And Thee our glorious earnest brings
Into our faithful heart.

4. O let us still the earnest feel,
Th' unutterable peace,
This loving spirit be the seal
Of our eternal bliss!

† CDXV. *Longing for Christ's Presence.*

1. **D**ESCEND, O KING of Saints, descend;
By thy free Spirits vital heat
Fresh joys to ev'ry soul extend,
That at thy table finds a seat.
2. O Prince of Peace, bless thou this board
With those sweet smiles which angels cheer;
O give us peace; and tell us, LORD,
We're pardon'd, and accepted here.
3. As Thou our hungry souls hast fed,
Our thirsty souls sustain'd with wine;
Nourish us with this heav'nly bread,
And with this sacred blood of thine.
4. Teach us to wash our garments clean
In the pure fountain of thy blood;
LORD, purge our souls from ev'ry stain
I th' streams of that all-cleansing flood.
5. Each sin of ours has been a thorn,
A cruel nail, a whip, a spear:
By these Thy sacred flesh was torn,
These did thy soul with horror tear.
6. Yet ev'ry wound of thine does yield
A balsam for a contrite heart;
Which, on the painful sore distill'd,
Heals and allays the tort'ring smart.
7. Amazing love! 'tis infinite!
No thoughts its endless depth can sound;

It heav'n's high arch exceeds for height,
And for extent, the world's vast round.

8. LORD, to advance Thy praises here,
Increase our light, enlarge our love;
And by thy grace our souls prepare
For better songs and tunes above.

† CDXVI. *Communion with Christ.*

1. **H**OW sweet, how charming is the place
With GOD's bright presence crown'd!
Happy his children, who his board
As olive plants surround.
2. "Eat of this feast, says He, my friends,
"Who to my courts repair;
"Come, dearest children, freely drink
"The wine which I prepare."
3. LORD, we accept thy bounteous treat,
With wonder, joy, and love:
O may we in thy house have place,
And never thence remove!
4. Here may our faith still on thee feed,
The only food divine;
To faith, Thy flesh is meat, indeed,
Thy blood the noblest wine.
5. Thy blood, that purifying juice,
To cleanse our souls design'd;
To heal a sinner's bleeding heart,
And cheer his drooping mind.
6. Here we are glad to view Thy love
Thro' figures, and in part;
But how much greater joy will't be,
To see Thee as thou art!

† CDXVII. *Access with Boldness.*

1. **W**ITH boldness we may now approach
Unto the throne above;

No

156 HYMNS TO PRECEDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- No fiery cherub guards the seat,
'Tis now a throne of love.
2. We are not come to *Sinai's* mount,
To hear the thunder roar :
We meet our SAVIOUR in our Judge ;
What could we wish for more ?
3. While we around his table sit,
" Eat, O my friends, He cries,
" And drink that blood I offer'd up
" For you a sacrifice."
4. This has appeas'd justice divine,
This gives us free access :
Makes GOD our friend, and here affords
A taste of endless bliss.
5. Come and adore the love of GOD,
Wonders of grace confess ;
Atoning blood has brought you nigh ;
Your kind REDEEMER blest.
5. Cease clamour, wrath, and strife,
Envy and malice cease ;
These grieve love's spirit, and these spoil
The emblems of our peace.
6. Among thy saints the least,
I'm honour'd, LORD, to sit ;
Thy friends they are, I call them mine,
Devoutly with them feast.
7. The reconciled hand
In charity I give ;
Past injuries I'll quite forget,
In peace and friendship live.
8. Thy saints how excellent,
A glorious company !
Did I not all the body love,
No member I should be.
9. O may thy SPIRIT, LORD,
Descend and fill my heart :
Decaying love revive, confirm,
And flames of love impart.
- [10. Love is from GOD, and shall
Endless remain above ;
Both faith and hope in heaven cease,
But saints for ever love.]

CDXVIII. *The Communion of Saints.*

1. **T**HE feast we celebrate,
We call a feast of love :
The sacred symbols friendship shew,
On earth, and peace above.
2. As many grains, compact,
Do constitute one bread ;
So all the saints one body are,
In union with their head.
3. In faith, hope, love, and joy,
The Holy Ghost's their guide ;
One GOD they have, one covenant,
One kingdom shall divide.
- [4. The broken bread we eat,
Partaking of the whole ;
Thus many saints are all one bread,
Enliven'd by one soul.]

* CDXIX. *A Hymn of Praise to Christ.* 75.

1. **S**ONS of GOD, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice,
Shout your sins in CHRIST forgiv'n,
Sons of GOD, and heirs of heav'n !
2. Ye that round our altars throng,
Lift'ning angels join the song ;
Sing with us; ye heav'nly pow'rs,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours !

HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 157

3. Love's mysterious work is done ;
Greet we now th' atoning Son,
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to CHRIST, and one with God.
4. CHRIST, of all our hopes the seal,
Peace divine in CHRIST we feel,
Pardon to our souls applied,
Dead for all, for *me* he died.
5. Sin shall tyrannize no more,
Purg'd its guilt, dissolv'd its pow'r ;
JESUS makes our hearts *his* throne,
There *he* lives, and reigns alone.
6. Grace our every thought controuls,
Heav'n is open'd in our souls,
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.
7. CHRIST in us ; in Him we see
Fulness of the Deity,
Beam of the Eternal Beam ;
Life divine we taste in Him.
8. HIM by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
When HIS utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

HYMNS to conclude the ADMINISTRATION.

CDXX. *Indignation and Hope.*

1. **W**ITH humble boldness, trembling
And with a child-like fear, [joy,
LORD, we thy majesty address,
And to thy seat draw near.
2. For thou, great Judge of all the earth,
Now on a throne of grace,
Between the wond'ring cherub's wings,
Reveal'st thy glorious face.
3. At thy right-hand behold thy Son.
Who kindly intercedes !
His blood cries louder than our sins,
And for our pardon pleads.
4. Ah cruel sins, how odious now,
And how deform'd are they ;
While in that crimson fountain we
Their monstrous hew survey !
5. These with black horror fill'd his mind,
Inrag'd his wounds with pain ;
With grief these rent his lab'ring breast,
And all his blood did drain.
6. Tho' these our crimes all testify,
Our crying guilt aloud ;
LORD, veil no more Thy shining face
Within an angry cloud !
7. Let thy love's rays attract from us
A penitential dew ;
And while our vileness we lament,
Thy pard'ning mercy shew !
8. Then tho' our sins have num'rous been
Like sands upon the shore ;
Peace, like a stream o'erflows our souls,
And sins are seen no more.

158 HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

† CDXXI. *Love to a crucified Saviour.*

1. **T**HOU art all love, my dearest LORD,
Thou art all lovely too:
Thy love I at thy table taste,
Thy loveliness I view.
2. Thy divine beauty, veil'd with flesh,
Thy enemies despise;
Thy mangled body they disdain,
And turn from Thee their eyes.
3. But Thou more lovely art to me
For all that Thou hast borne:
Each cloud sets off thy lustre more,
Thee all thy scars adorn.
4. Thy garments tinctur'd with thy blood,
The best and noblest dye.
Out-shine the robes that princes wear;
Thy thorns their gems out-vie.
5. That I may be all love to Thee,
And lovely like Thee too,
O cleanse me with thy precious blood,
And me thy beauty shew!
6. My former vows I now renew,
O LORD, as Thou art mine;
Behold, I give my heart to Thee,
For ever I'll be thine!

† CDXXII. *Christ inviting, and the Saints accepting.*

1. **H**APPY are they our LORD has chose
In his blest courts to dwell;
His praises still their thoughts employ,
Their tongues his glory tell.
2. There HE his loveliness makes known
To all who love his name;
To them HE is a glorious crown,
And beauteous diadem.

3. With a celestial banquet there,
His table's richly spread;
His own most precious blood's the wine,
His body is the bread.
4. To entertain his happy friends,
He oft repeats his call;
Pours fragrant oil upon their heads,
Gives robes to clothe them all.
5. Nay, ev'ry contrite mind to Him
A holy temple proves;
For humble souls are his delight,
And He dwells where He loves.
6. He at the door of ev'ry heart
Does friendly calls renew;
"Open to me, and you shall sup
"With me, and I with you."
7. And will the high and lofty One
Vouchsafe to dwell with men?
"Open, eternal doors, and let
"The King of Glory in."
- [8. This entertainment, LORD, of thine,
So gen'rous and so free,
Cost many pangs and many groans,
And many wounds to Thee.]
9. Eternal praise to thy great name,
By all the host of heav'n;
By ev'ry nation, ev'ry tongue,
And ev'ry heart be giv'n!

† CDXXIII. *A serious Recollection.*

1. **H**AST thou, my soul, thy SAVIOUR
view'd
As on the cross he hung and bled?
Hast seen his bruises, wounds, and tears,
Seen Him bow down his dying head?

2. Hast

HY

1. Hast thou
By thine
Hear
Ev'n r
3. That
"O w
Hast m
The n
4. All th
Can'st
To se
And t
5. Look
His b
And t
Is fou
6. No,
But n
Unde
I'll fi
7. His v
His b
Dart
Its sv

1. **L**
In
And
Sh
2. But
T
Loud
T
3. To
T

HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 159

1. Hast heard how rudely He was jeer'd
By those that made Him groan and die ?
Heard Him amidst their cruel scoffs,
Ev'n rend the heavens with his cry ?

3. That doleful cry, " My God, my God !
" O why hast thou thy Son forsook ?"
Hast mark'd the anguish of his words,
The mortal horror of his look ?

4. All this, and more than thou, my soul,
Can'st tell, or think, He did endure,
To screen thee from his father's wrath,
And thy eternal bliss secure.

5. Look back, once more, and view his head,
His back, his hands, his feet, his side ;
And tell, if any sight like this
Is found in all the world beside ?

6. No, all to me is dung and dross,
But my dear JESUS crucify'd ;
Under the shadow of his cross,
I'll sit me down, and there abide.

7. His wounds, the noblest proofs of love,
His beauty too, I there shall see,
Darting thro' his reproachful veil
Its sweet and pow'ful beams on me.

† CDXXIV. *God is Love.*

1. **L**ORD, all the works thy hand has
form'd
In earth and heav'n above,
And all thy tracks of providence,
Shew thee a GOD of LOVE :

2. But thy surprising acts of grace
To Adam's guilty seed,
Loudly proclaim to all the world,
That GOD is LOVE indeed.

3. To objects, who deserve thy wrath,
Thy boundless LOVE extends ;

Thou'rt kinder to thy enemies,
Than men are to their friends,

4. Love drew the model of our bliss,
In the decrees divine.

Conducts the work, and will complete
At length the vast design.

5. LOVE brought Heav'n's Heir down from
Into a virgin's womb ; [his throne
Fasten'd Him to a cursed tree,
And laid Him in a tomb.

6. In his words, deeds, and sufferings all,
The law of kindness reign'd ;
Love open'd all his ghastly wounds,
Thro' which his life was drain'd.

7. His LOVE as freely tenders now
That meritorious blood,
That broken body, to our souls,
The best and sweetest food.

8. Love carry'd Him up to his throne,
There to prepare us room ;
And love will bring Him down again,
At last, to lead us home.

§ CDXXV. *Angels rejoice for Man's Recovery.*

1. " **G**LORY to GOD on high,
" Good will to men below ;"
If thus the friendly angels cry,
What joy should mortals shew !

[2. Those angels, free from sin,
No bloody off'ring need :
'Twas for the guilty sons of men
Our Saviour came to bleed.

3. Yet the kind heav'nly host
With shouting rend the sky ;
Glad that the thrones, their fellows lost,
Redeem'd men shall supply]

160 HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

4. What good, what welcome news!
What wond'rous love is here!
That GOD his only son should bruise,
So lovely and so dear.

5. That poor apostate man
In heav'n might ever dwell;
Who with wild fury headlong ran
The way that leads to hell.

6. Dear LORD, with what surprise,
Do we thy suff'ring trace;
And mark thy wounds, thy groans, thy
Thy sorrows and disgrace! [cries,

7. For all this hast Thou born
To expiate our guilt:
Thy flesh to heal our sores was torn,
Thy blood to cleanse us, spilt.

8. Thy shame deserves renown,
Thy cross a princely throne;
That head becomes a royal crown,
Which wore a thorny one.

9. And one day Thou our KING
In glory wilt appear;
And troops of saints and angels bring
T' attend thy triumph here.

10. "Glory to GOD on high,
"Good will to men below."
If thus the friendly angels cry,
What joy should mortals shew!

† CDXXVI. *Bruised for our Iniquities.*

1. WHILE thy love's pledges we receive
In this blest Supper, LORD, we see
What grateful tribute, what returns
Of love and praise we owe to thee.

2. O may thy altar's holy fire
Inflame our hearts, refine our tongues!

May love divine our breasts inspire
With heav'nly thoughts, and heav'nly songs!

3. Tho' to extol thy wond'rous grace
Our thoughts and words, too low will
prove;

Thou, LORD, wilt ne'er refuse a song
From any heart that's tun'd with love.

4. While to thy cross we turn our eyes,
And there thy agonies review;
What we deserv'd, but Thou hast borne,
Thy wounds, thy groans, thy torments
shew.

5. While terror o'er thy soul was spread,
Thy cruel foes reviling stood;
While clouds of wrath burst on thy head,
They bath'd their hands in sacred blood.

6. The sun, astonish'd, hid his face,
The heav'n's a sable garment wore;
The frighted earth's foundation shook,
And solid rocks asunder tore.

7. The temple's veil was rent, to shew
Heav'n's throne unveil'd to our high priest;
The op'ning graves, and rising saints
The virtue of his death confess'd.

8. Thou, LORD of life, didst soon revive,
Nor could thy tomb Thee long retain.
Who to lay down thy life hadst pow'r,
And pow'r to take it up again.

9. Thy body once with wounds deform'd,
Does now with heav'nly glory shine,
Adorn'd, and made a temple fit
For such a beauteous soul as thine.

† CDXXVII. *The New Testament in my Blood.*

1. LO! here a testament that's new,
Confirm'd by blood divine;

HY
To th
And
2. My G
My
Horn
My
3. JESU
My
His b
Cor
4. The
And
Faith
Of
5. Thy
Th
Thin
W
6. Do R
Th
The
Se
7. Retur
Of
My P
I a
* C
1. H
May
By
2. We
H
O m
H
To

HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 161

- To this I humbly set my name,
And call the blessings mine.
2. My GOD, I'll say, my strength, my shield,
My buckler, rock, and fort,
Horn of salvation, whom I trust,
My GOD, my all thou art.
 3. JESUS is mine! hail blessed name!
My prophet, priest, and king:
His blood, his sceptre, and his grace,
Complete salvation bring.
 4. The SPIRIT'S mine, with all the gifts
And graces He bestows;
Faith, hope, and love, peace, joy; a well
Of life, that ever flows.
 5. Thy word, thy providences all,
Thy discipline and rod,
Things present, things to come, are mine,
Whilst I can say, my GOD.
 6. LORD, this I claim thro' thy rich grace;
Thy promise will stand good;
The covenant all this conveys,
Seal'd with my Saviour's blood.
 7. Return unto thy rest, my soul,
Of blessings here is store.
My FATHER'S will hath made me rich,
I ask, I need no more.

* CDXXVIII. Christ our Sacrifice.

1. **H**OSANNA to king David's Son,
And to king David's LORD:
May He be prais'd by ev'ry one,
By ev'ry one ador'd.
2. We would with holy transport cry,
Hosanna to the CHRIST:
O may the triumph reach the sky,
Hosanna in the high'st!

3. Blest He, who comes to take away
The guilt and pow'r of sin.
Welcome to ev'ry heart to-day;
'Tis thine, LORD, enter in.
4. Thou wast a spotless victim made,
T' appease the wrath divine;
To purge our guilt thy blood was shed;
Thus purchas'd, we are thine.
5. "O come, my soul, thy pow'rs awake,
The wond'rous scene review:
With grief, faith, hope, and love partake,
And all thy bonds renew.
- † [6. But ah! how dull affections move!
How weak is ev'ry grace!
Devotion's flat, languid my love;
How little skill'd in praise!
7. Haste, blessed day, when I shall shine,
With all my glories on;
And in their *Hallelujahs* join,
Who wait about the throne.]

CDXXIX. Christ's Blood shed for the Remission of Sins.

1. **I**N ancient times, when sacrifice
The stain of guilt and sin confess'd,
Each worshipper his off'ring brought,
On the remainder then did feast.
2. The altar the atonement made;
The sacred feast that thence ensu'd,
A reconciled state proclaim'd,
And covenant of peace renew'd.
3. Thus CHRIST, a victim on the cross,
Did for our crying sins atone!
And here we sit in peace with God,
Our guilt, our fears, remov'd and gone.
4. Thy blood was shed ('tis thy own word)
For the remission of our sin;

162 HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

This cup thou call'st thy Testament,
I can a pardon read therein.

5. Now boldly to the throne I come;
The throne of a propitious GOD:
CHRIST is my sacrifice of peace,
I'm heal'd and sprinkled with his blood.

6. I'll humbly boast myself Thy friend,
Sure pledge of dearest friendship this;
Pronounce *me* friend, and 'tis enough,
But ratify it with thy kiss.

[7. Blest be the FATHER and the SON,
The authors of our life and peace.
We'll now begin Thy praise on earth;
In heav'n above we'll never cease.]

* CDXXX. *By his Stripes we are healed.*

1. GRACIOUS Redeemer, how divine,
How wond'rous is Thy love!
The subject of th' eternal songs
Of blest'd spirits above.

2. Join in the sacred harmony,
Ye saints on earth below,
To praise *Immanuel*, from whose name
A thousand blessings flow.

3. He left his crown, He left His throne,
By his great FATHER's side;
Wore thorns, sustain'd a heavy cross,
Was scourg'd and crucify'd.

4. His was the torment, his the curse,
Tho' all the guilt was ours.
To cleanse our tep'rous souls from sin,
His vital blood he pours.

5. Behold how ev'ry wound of his
A precious balm distils,
Which heals the scars that sin had made,
With joy the sinner fills!

6. We see Thee at thy table LORD,
By faith, with great delight:
O how refin'd these joys will be,
When faith is turn'd to sight.

CDXXXI. *The Soul detesting Sin.*

1. COME, let us go and die with him,
Who was content to die for us!
Let's wound and crucify those sins,
That nail'd our Saviour to his cross!

2. May holy indignation raise
A just revenge in ev'ry breast!
May ev'ry soul that JESUS loves,
The very thoughts of sin detest!

3. Hence, all ye vip'rous brood of vice,
That bring a train of endless woes;
O how I loath and hate you now,
As mine and as my Saviour's foes!

4. Hence all your vain deluding arts,
Which the unwary soul beguile;
These have no charms to one that sees
Redeeming mercy on him smile.

5. My robes, when wash'd with sacred blood,
Shall I again with blots deface?
My soul, by grace advanc'd to heav'n,
Shall I again to hell debase?

6. Prevent *me*, by thy pow'rful grace,
Nor let *me* e'er so treach'rous prove,
To crucify my LORD afresh,
And render hate for all his love.

7. His life the model be of mine,
His word the rule to guide my ways,
His cross the death of all my crimes,
His love the subject of my praise!

† CDXXXI.

HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 163

CDXXXII. *A solemn Reflection on Christ's Sufferings.*

1. **L**OOK back, my soul, with due regard,
Look back upon the feast;
The strange provisions here prepar'd,
Thyself as strange a guest.
2. Hast thou not here thy SAVIOUR view'd,
Nail'd to th' accursed tree?
In dying pangs with blood imbrud,
And suffering all for thee?
3. Whilst spiteful Jews his cross deride,
And stand insulting round;
A purple flood streams from his side,
And stains the blushing ground.
4. Nature can scarce the shock sustain;
The sun withdraws his light,
The trembling earth, rocks rent in twain,
Confess the gen'ral fright.
5. 'Twas awful Justice that requir'd
A sacrifice so dear:
How great the love, in heav'n admir'd,
That did the same prepare?
6. What streams of glory, all divine,
Here mingle and unite?
Justice and mercy here combine,
May these thy love excite!
7. View, O my soul, this scene of grief!
Behold! wonder! adore!
For all past guilt hence fetch relief;
But wilful sin no more.

† CDXXXIII. *The Love of Christ passeth Knowledge.*

1. **O** LORD, how shall we frame a song,
To celebrate thy fame!
Our highest flights are all too low
To reach thy loftier name.

2. Yet should the objects of thy love,
Thy praises cease to shout,
To censure such ingratitude,
The stones would soon cry out.
3. What was there, LORD, in sinful man,
That could Thy pity move,
To draw him from the gates of hell,
With charming bands of love?
4. A love, by many sorrows try'd,
And many painful wounds;
Whose flame could not be quench'd by
Could by no floods be drown'd. [death,
5. No not by all those streams of blood,
Which on thy cross did meet,
From thy pierc'd heart, and bleeding head,
And wounded hands and feet.
6. A love, whose wonders far transcend
The reach of human view;
Whose myst'ries the enquiring crowd
Of cherubs look into.
7. O happy men, who taste this grace,
Which angels so admire;
And feel the shines of that bright face,
Which they to see desire!
8. But when all mystic truth shall be
Plac'd in a clearer light;
What joy! CHRIST face to face to see
With full and endless sight!

* CDXXXIV. *Praise for Redemption.*

1. **M**Y soul, let all thy nobler pow'rs
And faculties combine;
Awake my tongue, and to my thoughts
Thy tuneful numbers join!
2. All that's within me, bless and praise
My SAVIOUR and my KING;

When

164 HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

When He's the subject of the song,
Who can forbear to sing?

3. Holy and rev'rend is his name;
How glorious, and how sweet!
All greatness, and all goodness too,
In our dear JESUS meet.
4. His name vile men shall one day dread,
As now the devils fear;
His name the heav'nly hosts adore,
To pardon'd sinners dear.
5. Most dear to them by strongest ties
Of his redeeming love;
Which by a thousand torments try'd,
Did ever constant prove.
6. Tho' death and hell had join'd their pow'rs
T' oppose his enterprize;
This spotless LAMB resolv'd to fall
A willing sacrifice.
7. So, conqu'ring sin, and death, and hell,
In glory did arise,
And in bright triumph soon ascend
His throne above the skies.
8. Thence, in due time, He will return
With a celestial train
Of saints and angels, and among
Those shining troops shall reign.

CDXXXV. *The Victory of the Cross.*

1. **W**HAT wond'rous things we now be-
At this mysterious board! [hold
What copious matter for a song
Of praises they afford!
2. Extended on a cross we see
The LORD whom we adore,
Both giving and receiving wounds;
Bath'd in triumphant gore.

3. No victor's robe so rich a die
Before did ever stain;
No champion such a victory
Before did ever gain.
4. Glory and strength his torments add
To all his mighty deeds;
His en'mies fly and fall the more,
The more He groans and bleeds.
5. Tho' the law's curse lights on his head,
While Satan wounds his heel;
His body's bruise'd by men, his heart
Death's cruel sting does feel.
6. Yet with firm courage He o'er all
Bears up his conqu'ring head;
'Till on their captive necks his feet
In solemn triumph tread.
- [7. This shock our LORD sustain'd alone,
But makes us share the spoils;
He felt his FATHER's dreadful frowns,
That we might have his smiles.]
8. To cure our wounds and putrid sores,
Was pierc'd in ev'ry limb;
His cross, our tree of life, became
A tree of death to him.
9. But tho' once dead, He's now alive,
And lives for ever more;
Then let his saints, whose life is hid
In CHRIST, his name adore.

• CDXXXVI. *Christ the Entertainer and the Feast.*

1. **S**ING Hallelujah to our KING,
Who nobly entertains
His friends with bread of life, and wine
That flow'd from all his veins.
2. His body pierc'd with num'rous wounds,
Did as a victim bleed;

That

HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 165

- That we might drink his sacred blood,
And on his flesh might feed.
3. Wormwood and gall was once his meat,
His cup with terror fill'd;
That we might taste the heav'nly sweet
His royal banquets yield.
4. When our Redeemer dy'd, He was
Both sacrifice and priest;
And now He lives, He is become
Thy inviter and the feast.
5. We feed on CHRIST, and sup with Him;
At table He presides
As ruler of the Feast, his share
To every guest divides.
6. While He love's banner here displays
O'er our triumphant heads;
Sin dies, and grace revives, and soon
Its precious odour spreads.
7. Nor are our pleasures bounded here,
For He's gone to prepare
Mansions, where heavenly manna shall
Be our eternal fare.

CDXXXVII. *The Bread of God.* 6—8s.

1. **W**ELCOME delicious sacred cheer,
Welcome my GOD, my SAVIOUR
dear!
O with me, in me, live and dwell;
Thine earthly joy surpasses quite,
The depths of thy supreme delight;
Not angel-tongues can fully tell.
2. What streams of sweetness from the bowl
Surprize and deluge all my soul,
Sweetness which is, and makes divine,
Surely from GOD's right-hand they flow,
From thence deriv'd to earth below,
To cheer us with immortal wine.

3. Soon as I taste the heavenly bread,
What manna o'er my soul is shed,
Manna that angels never knew!
Victorious sweetness fills my heart,
Such as my GOD delights to impart,
Mighty to save, and sin subdue.
4. I had forgot my heavenly birth,
My soul degen'rate cleav'd to earth,
In sense and sin's base pleasure's drown'd;
When GOD assum'd humanity,
And spilt his sacred blood for me,
To wash, and lift me from the ground.
5. Soon as his love has rais'd me up,
He mingles blessings in a cup,
And sweetly meets my ravish'd taste;
Joyous I now throw off my load,
I cast my sins and care on GOD,
And wine becomes a wing at last.
6. Upborn on this, I mount, I fly;
Regaining swift my native sky,
I wipe my streaming eyes, and see
Him, whom I seek, for whom I sue,
My GOD, my SAVIOUR there I view,
And live with Him who dy'd for me.

† CDXXXVIII. *The New Testament signed and sealed.*

1. **T**HE sun of righteousness has shin'd,
And GOD's new covenant has reveal'd;
CHRIST's hand the sacred bond has sign'd,
His blood the sacred bond has seal'd.
2. His numerous promises assure
Salvation on his FATHER's part:
Salvation can't but be secure,
When purchas'd with his bleeding heart.
3. The kind testator freely dies
To ratify this testament:

The

166 HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The sacred Dove from Glory flies,
To gain the sinner's free consent.

4. The table of the LORD displays
The dear memorials of his love :
The church below applauds his grace,
In concert with the church above.

5. LORD, when we gave ourselves to Thee,
Drawn by the charming bands of love ;
We vow'd for ever thine to be,
And by thy grace will constant prove.

6. Thee we have always gracious found,
Thy promises are firm and true :
The ties wherewith our souls are bound,
We now most solemnly renew.

[7. Command, and we'll obey thy call ;
We'll take our cross, and follow Thee
To prison, to the judgment hall,
Without the gates of *Calvary*.]

8. Since thou art ours, may we retain
Thy sacred image which we bear ;
Since we are thine, may we remain
Ever devoted to thy fear.

9. Ourselves to thee, LORD, we resign,
All we possess to thee belongs ;
Thou hast our vows, our hearts are thine,
And thou shalt ever have our songs.

† CDXXXIX. *Pardon brought to our Senses.*

1. LORD, how divine thy comforts are !
How heav'nly is the place
Where JESUS spreads the sacred feast
Of his *redeeming* grace !

2. There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories shine,
There JESUS says, that *I am his*,
And my beloved's mine.

3. *Here* (says the kind redeeming LORD,
And shews his wounded side)
See here the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I dy'd.

[4. He smiles and cheers my mournful heart
And tells of all his pain ;
All this, says he, I bore for thee,
And then he smiles again.]

5. What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this ?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6. Let such amazing loves as these
Be founded all abroad,
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7. To Him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his Days.]

§ CDXL. *The Tree of Life, and River of Love.*

1. LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast ;
Where sweet celestial dainties stand,
For every willing guest.

[2. The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit ;
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

3. The cup stands crown'd with living juice ;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use
In rivulets of love.]

HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER. 167

4. The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasures well refin'd;
They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.
5. Shout and proclaim the SAVIOUR's love,
Ye faints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud *Hosannas* join.
6. A thousand glories to the GOD
That gives such joys as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where JESUS is.

§ CDXLI. *The Triumphal Feast.*

- [1. COME let us lift our voices high.
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies!]
2. JESUS, the GOD that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.]
- [3. JESUS the GOD invites us here
To this triumphal feast;
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]
4. The LORD! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O what melting words he says
To every humble ear!
5. "For you the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd,
"Behold my hands; behold my feet,
"And look into my side!
6. "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains;

- "When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.
- [7. Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
"And plung'd it in my heart:
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting smart.
8. "When Hell and all its spiteful powers
"Stood dreadful in my way;
"To rescue these dear lives of yours
"I gave my own away.]
- [9. "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
"The monster tumbling down.
10. "Now you must triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh, my blood;
"And live eternal ages blest,
"For 'tis immortal food."
11. Victorious GOD! what can we pay
For favours so divine!
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]
12. We give Thee, LORD, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

§ CDXLII. *Divine Glories and Graces.*

1. HOW are thy glories here display'd,
Great GOD, how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!
2. Here thy revenging justice stands
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like JESUS on the cross.

3. Thy

168 HYMNS TO CONCLUDE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3. Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice ;
And *love* appears with chearful face,
And *faith* with fixed eyes.
4. Our *hope* in waiting posture sits,
To heav'n directs her sight ;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.
5. *Zeal* and *revenge* perform their part ;
And rising sin destroy ;
Repentance comes with aking heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.
6. Dear SAVIOUR, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die ;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.
3. He whom we remember here,
CHRIST shall in the clouds appear,
Manifest to ev'ry eye,
We shall soon behold Him nigh.
4. Faith ascends the mountain's height,
Now enjoys the pompous sight,
Antedates the final doom,
Sees the judge in glory come.
5. Lo, He comes triumphant down,
Seated on his great white throne !
Cherubs bear it on their wings,
Shouting bear the KING of kings.
6. Lo ! his glorious banner spread,
Stains the skies with deepest red,
Dies the land and fires the wood,
Turns the ocean into blood.

* CDXLIII. *A Memorial till CHRIST comes.*

4—7.

1. **W**HERE shall this Memorial end ?
Thither let our souls ascend,
Live on earth to heav'n restor'd,
Wait the coming of our LORD.
2. JESUS terminates our hope,
JESUS is our wishes scope,
End of this great mystery,
Him we fain would die to see.
7. Gather'd to the well known sign,
We our elder brethren join ;
Swiftly to our LORD fly up,
Hail him on the mountain top.
8. Take our happy seats above,
Banquet on his heavenly love,
Lean on our Redeemer's breast,
In his arms for ever rest.

HYMNS

H Y M N S

FOR THE

ADMINISTRATION

OF

BAPTISM.

I. *The Commission.*

1. **T**HE sacred body of our LORD,
Which on the cross had bled,
Three days lay bury'd in the grave,
And then rose from the dead.
2. His presence the desponding hearts
Of his disciples cheers;
Unfolds the oracles divine,
And charms their list'ning ears.
3. And thus the mediator spoke;
"All power in earth and heav'n
To me, triumphant o'er the grave,
Is by my father giv'n:
4. "Go make disciples in all realms,
"As ye have learn'd of me;
"Baptize them in the awful name
"Of the eternal Three.

5. "Teach them whatever I command;
"My presence I assure,
"To crown your labours with success,
"Whilst thus earth shall endure."
6. LORD! we thy wond'rous grace adore;
Thy awful word revere;
Thy death and thy revival both,
Our baptism makes appear.
7. The promise of thy presence now
Does glad expectance raise;
Hope of thy second coming fills
Our souls with joy and praise:
8. 'Tis then the dead thy voice shall hear,
The dead thy voice obey;
Thy saints, who sleep in dust, awake
To joy's eternal day.

II. *The new Covenant sealed.*

1. **A**NGELS, with deep amazement struck,
Cry holy, holy, LORD of hosts!

Q

As

As purest unapproach'd light,
Compar'd with their dark clouds and spots.

2. And what, alas ! is sinful man,
All stain'd with old and recent guilt !
Sick to the very soul, yet thinks
His state not ill ; for sin's not felt.
3. But beams of heav'nly light and truth,
Piercing the inmost soul's recess,
Can shew there's something lurking there,
That drives far off from God and bliss.
4. Light shews the guilt, grace wounds to heal ;
O may it strike our guilty heart !
Strike deep, that we may deeply feel ;
And with each sin may freely part !
5. He gave his son, our dearest LORD,
To purge our stains with His own blood ;
By *covenant* ours, and for the *seal*
Stamp'd His own image on the flood.
6. We see Him there laid dead for us,
To shew we dead to sin should be ;
Then bursts death's bands with pow'r divine,
From sin and death to set us free.
7. (a) I'm thine, O LORD, and gladly *seal*
The *covenant*, that makes Thee mine ;
I'll die with Thee, and from Thy grave
Mount up to heav'n, and with Thee shine.

III. *The New Birth.*

1. **W**HAT's born of flesh must needs flesh
be,
And with all Adam's sons debas'd ;
But add the weight of actual guilt,
And own God's image quite defac'd.
2. Man, whom God made at first upright,
Like a fair building, ruin'd lies ;

(a) Candidate sings this verse alone.

Alas ! what help, or hope is left ? [dies.
Our help's in CHRIST, the LORD, who

3. Who built the skies, can new-make man
From His own grave, the *mystic womb* ;
His quick'ning spirit life imparts,
That thence the *new man* forth may come.
4. By this *new birth*, the wretched man,
Of Adam's stock, and old by nature,
Is grafted into CHRIST's ; to bear
His image, as a new creature.
5. The holy spirit, that, at first,
Dove-like, sat brooding on the deep,
And form'd the worlds, can from the fount
Cause swarms to rise, now fast asleep.
6. From thence the *Church* her being took ;
O into her may crowds thence press !
Baptized by the spirit, drink
And hymn the great Redeemer's praise !

IV. *Remission of Sins at Baptism.*

1. **C**OME lowly souls that mourn,
Depress'd with guilt and shame ;
Wash'd in 'your Saviour's sacred blood,
Now call upon his name.
2. Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,
That tremble at his word ;
In the baptismal laver plung'd,
As was your humble LORD.
3. Bath'd in repenting tears ;
The sins, which ye deplore,
Dead in your Saviour's grave shall lie,
And shall be seen no more.
4. Come pious Candidates
Of grace and Glory too,
Praise your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he has done for you !

5. Unspotted

5. Unspotted robes ye wear,
Your sighs to songs are turn'd;
Garments of praise adorn you now,
Who late in ashes mourn'd.
6. Your LORD and you are risen,
Aspire to things above:
Where He resides, there ye shall dwell
In realms of light and love.

V. *Purification by the Blood of CHRIST.*

1. **W**HEN blood of beasts no virtue had
To cleanse the souls of men;
The pitying REDEEMER saw
Their wretched state by sin.
2. And, stooping from his glorious height
To do GOD's holy will;
He deigns to veil his beams in flesh,
And his own blood to spill.
3. Lo, on a cross the spotless LAMB
Was drench'd in sweat and gore!
Blood flow'd in streams from his pierc'd side,
And drop'd from ev'ry pore:
4. Hence that capacious fountain made
To bathe the race of men,
And purify their spotted souls
From ev'ry sinful stain.
5. Come, sinners plunge yourselves in
And in the symbol too! [CHRIST,
Baptismal streams will cleanse from guilt,
If faith and love be true.
6. Ye like the LORD shall rise again,
And tread Heav'n's courts above;
Victorious over sin and death
Shall ever reign in love.
7. Clothed in perfect snow-white robes,
And glitt'ring like the light,

Ye shall for endless ages live,
In pure and full delight.

VI. *Purification by the Blood of CHRIST.*

1. **T**HE eye sees water; nothing more
Can there be seen by carnal men;
For faith alone conceives the pow'r
Of Jesu's blood to make us clean.
2. Faith sees it there a purple flood,
Colour'd with Jesu's blood and grace;
Which heals each sore, and makes all good,
That's spoil'd by Adam's sinful race.
3. As when, at Cana's marriage feast,
The water blush'd to see the GOD;
Baptismal water by him grac'd
Reddens by faith, add turns to blood.

VII. *The Penitent purified by Baptism.*

1. **A**LAS how foul I find I am!
The LORD has made me see:
Who from this mass of sin and death
Has strength to set me free?
2. "I can, I will, my SAVIOUR cried;
"Water and blood both flow'd,
"When on the cross, from My pierc'd side;
"And straight the fountain shew'd."
3. The wat'ry fount is typic blood,
Prepar'd to bathe me in;
With joy I view the mystic flood,
To purge away my sin.
4. Trembling I come, 'twixt faith and fear,
And hope, and fast, and pray;
O what a lovely Ocean's here,
To wash my stains away!
5. Better than fam'd Siloam's pool,
Or e'en Bethesda's porch;

Better than Gilead's balm to cool,
Or inmost plagues to search.

6. I with my LORD must labour now
To sanctify my soul;
But when all glorious He shall come,
He'll my whole man controul.

7. As when He said let there be light,
And light from darkness shone;
He'll make a perfect work, when He
The second time shall come.

VIII. *The Example of CHRIST.*

1. **T**HUS was the great REDEEMER
plung'd
In *Jordan's* swelling flood;
To shew He'd one day be baptiz'd
In tears, in sweat, and blood.
2. Thus was *his* sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was *his* sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
3. When lo! from realms of light and bliss
The heav'nly DOVE comes down;
Lights on his venerable head,
Which, rays of glory crown.
4. While his eternal FATHER's voice
An awful joy excites;
"This is my well-beloved SON,
"In whom my soul delights."
5. The mystic rite his death describ'd,
His burial did foreshew;
The quick'ning of his sacred flesh,
His resurrection too.
6. LORD, thy own precept we obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
We die, are bury'd, rise with Thee
From regions of the dead.

7. Come holy SPIRIT from above,
Thy power on us display;
Approve our vows, and seal our souls
To the redemption-day!

IX. *Jordan honoured.*

1. **S**EE in what grave our SAVIOUR lay,
Before He shed his precious blood;
How He mark'd out the humble way
To sinners thro' the mystic flood.
2. The sun of righteousness his beams,
Tho' so divinely fair and bright,
Immerg'd in *Jordan's* swelling streams,
Submitting to this holy rite.
3. O *Jordan*! honour'd oft before!
What greater glory wouldst thou have,
Than CHRIST descending from thy shore,
To find in thee a liquid grave?
4. Thy streams retir'd on either side,
And for the holy ark made way;
A prophet's mantle could divide
Thy willing streams, taught to obey.
5. Plung'd by the holy Baptist's hand,
Bury'd in thee our Saviour lies;
Did not thy waters wond'ring stand,
To see him die, and see him rise?
6. Blest sepulchre! where JESUS lay,
Which JESUS for us sanctifies!
Blest flood to wash our sins away,
And sink e'm so as ne'er to rise!

X. *Invitation and Invocation.*

1. **I**N such a grave as this
The meek redeemer lay;
When He, our souls to seek and save,
Learn'd humbly to obey.

2. See how the spotless LAMB
Descends into the stream!
And teaches sinners not to scorn
What Him so well became.
3. His body sanctifies
The salutary flood;
And teaches us to plunge our souls
In th' fountain of his blood.
4. Oh! Sinners, wash away
Your sins of crimson die;
Bury'd with Him, your sins shall all
In dark oblivion lie.
5. Rise, and ascend with Him,
A heavenly life to lead;
Who came to rescue guilty men
From regions of the dead.
6. LORD, see the sinner's tears,
Hear his repenting cry!
Speak, and his contrite soul shall live;
Speak, and his sins shall die!
7. Speak with that mighty voice,
Which one day wide shall spread
It summons thro' the earth and sea,
To wake and raise the dead!

XI. CHRIST'S Invitation to a Penitent.

1. IF you'll be mine, take up your cross,
And tread the narrow way;
Plung'd in the mystic flood, I shew'd
My death a future day.
2. You see the flood, and, by it taught,
You must to death submit;
If call'd to suffer for my sake,
And grace shall make you fit.
3. The mystic death for grace made way;
The real glory brings;

My kingdom's thus in grace begun,
The saint in glory sings.

4. You in the flood, as dead may seem,
That grave from earth refines;
And shews you only sleeping there,
In heav'n you'll surely shine.
5. Undress the old, put new cloaths on;
Your robes, unspotted white,
Preserve to shew Me when I come;
The pure are my delight.

XII. Desiring to imitate CHRIST. 7s. (b)

1. JESU, did they crucify
Thee by highest heav'n ador'd?
Let us also go and die
With our dearest dying LORD!
2. LORD, Thou seest our willing heart,
Know'st its uppermost desire,
With our nature's life to part,
Meekly on thy cross t' expire.
3. Fain we would be all like Thee,
Suffer with our LORD beneath:
Grant us full conformity,
Plunge us deep into thy death!
4. Now inflict the mortal pain,
Now exert thy passion's power;
Let the man of sin be slain,
Die the flesh to live no more!

XIII. Imitating CHRIST.

1. JESU we follow Thee,
In all thy footsteps tread,

And

(b) This Hymn and the XIII. XVII.
XXIII. are taken from a Book of Hymns, for
the Lord's Supper, published by the Revd. John
and Charles Wesley.

And pant for full conformity
To our exalted head :

2. We would with Thee partake
In ev'ry state below ;
And suffer all things for *thy* sake,
And to *thy* glory go.
3. We in *thy* birth are born,
Sustain *thy* grief and loss,
Share in *thy* want and shame and scorn,
And die upon *thy* cross :
4. Baptiz'd into *thy* death,
We sink into *thy* grave,
'Till *Thou* the quick'ning spirit breathe,
And to the utmost save :
5. Thou saidst " Where'er I am
" There shall my servant be ;"
Master, the welcome word we claim,
And die to live with *Thee* ;
6. To us who share the pain
Thy joy shall soon be giv'n,
And we shall in *thy* glory reign,
For *Thou* art now in heaven.

XIV. *Buried with CHRIST in Baptism.* (1)

1. **B**Y sacred baptism with our LORD,
We now are buried ;
The badge of our conformity,
Unto our dying head.
2. That as the FATHER'S glorious pow'r
Did Him when dead revive ;
So we, by grace restor'd anew,
An heav'nly life might live.

(1) *This Hymn by the late Revd. J. Boyse,
the Minister of Wood-street meeting.*

3. For if the image of his death,
We in his emblem wear ;
We in his resurrection too
Shall his resemblance bear.
4. Baptism to all the penitent
Does free remission seal ;
And that good spirit does convey,
Whose grace does cleanse and heal.
5. For GOD'S rich promise unto us
And to our race extends ;
And to all such as GOD shall call
To earth's remotest ends.
6. Since then, by baptism, we put on
CHRIST and his livery ;
Let us, who name that holy name,
Flee from Iniquity.

XV. *Buried with CHRIST, in Baptism.* (2)

1. **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the LORD ;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?
2. Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death ;
So from the grave did CHRIST arise,
And lives to GOD above the skies.
3. No more let sin or satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

XVI. *Our Burial and Resurrection with
CHRIST in Baptism.*

1. **T**HE great REDEEMER we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save ;
Went

(2) *See Revd. J. Watts's Hymns and spiri-
tual Songs, Book I. Hymn 122.*

Went humbly down from *Jordan's* shore,
To find a Tomb beneath a wave.

2. "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
"All righteousness" He meekly said:
Why should we then to do his will
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?
3. With Thee into thy watry Tomb,
LORD, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie inter'd by such a friend!
4. But a much more tempestuous flood
O'erwhelm'd thy body and thy soul:
That's plung'd in tears, and sweat and blood,
And over *this* black terrors roll.
5. Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again;
So, on thy resurrection-day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
6. Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy pow'rful voice shall hear,
Shall rise and triumph at thy side.
7. These now vile bodies then shall wear
A glorious form resembling thine;
To be dissolv'd no more shall fear,
But with immortal beauty shine.

XVII. *Planted in the Likeness of his Death.*

1. FATHER of mercies hear,
Thro' thine atoning SON,
Who doth for us in heav'n appear,
And prays before thy throne!
2. By that great sacrifice,
Which he for us doth plead,
Into our Saviour's death baptize,
And make us like our head.

3. Into the fellowship
Of JESU'S sufferings take
Us who desire with Him to sleep,
That we with him may wake.
4. Plant us into his death,
That we his life may prove;
Partakers of his cross beneath,
And of his crown above.

XVIII. *Joy for converted and purified Sinners.*

1. WHENE'ER one sinner turns to GOD,
With contrite heart and flowing
The happy news makes angels smile, [eyes;
And tell their joys above the skies.
2. Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heavenly sound;
"This soul was dead, but now's alive;
"This sheep was lost, but now is found.
3. See how the willing converts trace
The path their great redeemer trod;
And follow through his liquid grave,
The meek the lowly SON of GOD.
4. Here in the holy laver plung'd,
Their souls are cleans'd from ev'ry stain;
They die, descend into the tomb,
By grace they live, and rise again.
5. Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire;
Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd,
They shine in clean and white attire.
6. O sacred rite! by this the name
Of JESUS we to own begin;
This is our resurrection's pledge,
And seals the pardon of our sin.
7. Glory to GOD on high be giv'n,
Who shews this grace to sinful men;

Let

Let saints on earth and hosts of heav'n
In consort join their loud Amen.

Refin'd and fit for your abode,
To live, and sing his praise.

XIX. *The Ark like Baptism, the means of
Safety.*

1. **W**HEN the old world God's patience
try'd,
And long his vengeance dar'd;
The righteous *Noah* favour found,
And with his house was spar'd.
2. In secret chambers of the ark
Secure from harm they lie;
When th' ocean broke its bounds, and floods
Burst from the melting sky.
3. Proud waters o'er the mountains roll,
And ruin widely spread;
Yet the bless'd family survives,
When all beside were dead.
4. At the Almighty's awful word,
The floods retire again;
And *Noah*, from his mystic tomb,
Peoples the earth with men.
5. So to restore a world o'erwhelm'd
With guilt, and dead in sins,
Our SAVIOUR, rising from the grave,
Another race begins.
6. New creatures of a heav'nly form,
His sacred image bear;
While, dead to sin, they live to God,
And in white robes appear.
7. Bury'd in their Redeemer's grave,
With Him they live and rise;
While the lost race of human kind
In sin and ruin lies.
8. O happy souls whom grace revives!
Your bodies God shall raise;

XX. *Israel baptised in the Red Sea.*

1. **W**HEN from *Egyptian* slavery
The *Hebrews* were redeem'd;
The parted seas and cov'ring cloud
A grave to *Israel* seem'd;
2. But soon the joyful tribes emerge,
And stand upon the shore;
With grateful hearts and tuneful tongues
Their Saviour's name adore.
3. He made the obsequious waves retire,
His fav'rite tribes to save;
Made them a way to liberty,
Where *Egypt* found a grave.
4. As *Jacob's* sons baptis'd of old
To *Moses* in the sea,
Sav'd by God's arm, themselves devote
His Statutes to obey.
5. So from the bondage of our sins,
Redeem'd by sov'reign grace,
We, thro' his watry sepulchre,
Our SAVIOUR's footsteps trace.
6. Our sins, the worst of enemies,
Are bury'd there and drown'd;
To a new life our souls are rais'd,
With tender mercy crown'd.
7. To thee, O JESUS, may we live,
Devoted to thy fear!
Thee will we love, Thee will we praise,
And all thy laws revere.

XXI. *Bethesda's Pool.*

1. **W**HEN fam'd *Bethesda's* waters flow'd,
By a descending angel mov'd;
The

The wond'rous pool a sov'reign bath
For every pain and sickness prov'd.

2. Hither distemper'd crouds repair,
Hither the feeble, lame and blind;
The first who steps into the spring,
Leaves his disease and pains behind.
3. That languishing and dying souls
A nobler cure might freely meet;
The Son of GOD came down and stirr'd
Baptismal waters with his feet.
4. LORD, 'tis but just we follow Thee,
Who didst not scorn to lead the way;
Where we just see the vale of death,
Then view the resurrection-day.
5. Happy who haste into the flood,
Where healing virtues ever flow;
Where filthy lepers clean are made,
The blind to see, the lame to go;
6. Where contrite spirits heal their wounds,
And broken hearts assuage their pain;
The dead themselves new life inspires,
They breathe, they move, and rise again.
7. With lowly minds, and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace;
'Till the great rising-day reveal
Th' immortal glory of his face.

XXII. *An exact Obedience due to GOD.*

1. **S**HALL worms of earth GOD's precepts
change,
As wise or able grown,
To lord it as they please themselves,
Accountable to none?
2. 'Till they can stretch an arm like GOD,
And thunder through the sky;

Let them obedience humbly learn,
And sin not lest they die.

3. [Eat not, said GOD, yet man rebell'd,
Sad source of nameless woes!
Forbid it, LORD, we tempt again
What further we can lose.]
4. *Moses* was faithful to perform
What GOD appointed him;
But *Aaron's* sons presum'd to change
And were burnt up in sin.
- [5. *Saul's* fair pretence to honour GOD,
Urg'd to excuse his fault,
Of saving what should be destroy'd,
Samuel esteem'd as nought.]
6. "Lo! to obey the LORD excells
"The fat of offer'd beasts;
"But rebels with a stubborn heart,
"Sit at the idol's feasts."
7. If GOD thinks fit, and so appoints,
We'll grovel in the dust;
The meanest acts will have effect
Thro' him in whom we trust.
- [8. Had not the leper stoop'd to try
The good of *Jordan's* stream;
He with *Aban* and *Pharpar's* floods,
A leper still had been.]
9. Let others labour'd pleas produce,
We'll study to obey;
LORD strengthen to observe thy laws,
And no plain truth gainsay!
10. Tho' worms despise, or stare at us,
We'll place our trust in thee;
Their rage or scorn will move us not,
If we supported be.

XXIII. *The Resignation.*

1. **L**ET Him to whom we now belong,
His sov'reign right assert ;
And take up ev'ry thankful song,
And ev'ry loving heart !
2. He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price :
The Christian lives to CHRIST alone,
To CHRIST alone he dies.

3. JESU, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire ;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire !
4. Our souls and bodies we resign,
With joy we render thee,
Our all, no longer ours but thine,
Thro' all eternity !



WORDS to practise the Tunes on, that the Sacred Compositions may not be prophaned by Learners.

SHORT MEASURE.

- § * 1. **T**HE sun climbs up the sky,
To give us light by day;
The moon at night sends forth her light,
To guide us in our way.
2. Hard names and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.
- † † 3. Like leaves man's race is found,
Which, ev'ry year supplies;
Now green, now with'ring on the ground
Successive, fall and rise.

S E V E N S. †

- § * 4, 5. Gold begets in brothers hate,
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendship separate,
Gold does civil war create.
6. World adieu, thou real cheat!
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms.
- † 7. Foolish vanity, farewell,
More inconstant than the wave!
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
Purest tempers they deprave.

COMMON MEASURE.

- § 8. See how the horse with thunder arm'd
The battle smells from far;
Quivers, and snorts, and paws the ground,
And laughing mocks the war.
- * 9. The frightened hare close press'd by dogs
Flies nimbly o'er the plain;

† In Salisbury tune, for hallelujah say, "have a care."

Or o'er the hills, or wat'ry bogs,
In hopes her life to gain.

10. How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour;
And gather honey all the day,
From every op'ning flower!
11. Time, what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
12. In cottages and lonely cells,
Not beds of gold and down,
Sweet pleasing sleep delights to dwell,
And flies the monarch's crown.
- † 13. Beauty like ice our steps betrays,
While pleas'd we slide on;
Who can tread sure in slipp'ry ways,
The dangers see and shun?
- † 14. Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

LONG MEASURE.

- § 15. He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- * 16. Awake, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on!
17. Content's the riches of the mind;
Happy who can that treasure find!
But misers starve amidst their store,
Brood o'er their gold and gripe for more.

18. How

18. How proud we are ! how fond to shew
Our cloaths, and call them rich and new !
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

† 19. The murm'ring brooks, how smooth
they glide,
Kissing the banks on either side !
While in their chrystal streams they shew
And feed the flow'rs which they bestow.

† 20. How oft the noon, or midnight bell,
Death's iron tongue, with solemn knell,
On folly's errands as we roam, [home.
Knocks at our hearts, when we're from

F I V E S.

21. O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store ;
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.

8—5 or 4—10 or 6—10.

22. For chearing our minds,
Charms crowd in their kinds ;
That eye, or all ear,
We'd have a full share :

We see the sun rise
And climb up the skies ;
The moon gives her light
To guide us by night :

The stars, clouds and rain,
The hills, fields and plain,
The birds in the spring
Which fly, chirp, and sing.

4—6 and 4—4 or 2—8.

23. I hear the sluggard's voice
Thus bitterly complain ;
You've wak'd me with your noise,
And I must sleep again.

As hinged doors,
He, on his bed,
Turns round his sides
And heavy head.

2—6 and 8 doubled.

24. Who feast well take delight
Their bills of fare to read ;
They think by feeding well they're great :
With plenty in their sight,
They scorn the poor that need ;
But great's the worm, to whom they're meat.

25. *For short measure double*, join 1, 3.

26. *For six-sevens, or eight-sevens*, join 6, 7.

2—8, and 6 twice,

27. With Tubal's wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred pow'r,
To please the fiends beneath ;
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.

6—8.

We smile at florists and their joys,
And think them fond of idle toys ;
But those, who sigh for wealth or pow'r,
Are florists doating on a flow'r ;
A fading flow'r, which oft has sprung
From sordid arts, as out of dung.

For common measure double, join 12, 14.

Long measure double, or 8—8.

28. What in this life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend ?
From shore to shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome self can shun ?
For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under sail ;
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Out-run the doe, outfly the wind.



C

H

G

301—
ed \$
\$ 110
—All
\$ 277
lea \$
kingd
—Hol
His p
\$ 199
\$ 345
aveng
goodn
† 205
217.
CH
† 411,
appear
—His
* 162,
\$ 88—
† 352
† 432
tion,

T H E
C O N T E N T S
O F T H E
H Y M N S and S A C R E D P O E M S,
A L P H A B E T I C A L L Y D I S P O S E D.

GOD—his perfections * 163, § 311, above reason § 149—Only known to himself § 301—Above all praise § 74, yet should be praised § 60, and loved above all, 13—The creator § 110, * 163, § 392, * 395, and preserver 182—All in all 216—Invisible § 206—Eternal 94, § 277—His dominion § 48, § 102, over the sea § 96—Of thunder § 260, § 288—That his kingdom may come 299—Omniscient 7, § 199—Holy, just and sovereign § 28, 85, § 147—His providence dark § 97, 204 and extensive § 199—His condescension to human affairs § 345—His wrath and mercy § 1, § 81—The avenger of his saints § 131—His compassion 262, goodness and care * 76, 355—Our support † 205, and comfort † 340, and only happiness 217.

CHRIST—The love of God and his, † 400, † 411, † 424, † 433—The epiphany, or star's appearing, * 298—His nativity, 18, * 118 § 285—His humiliation, § 168, and exaltation, † 127, * 162, § 329, 373—The lamb, † 133, slain, § 88—His passion, † 49, 122, § 267, † 304, † 352, † 403, † 404, † 407, † 423, † 426, † 432, desiring a sight of it, † 13—His resurrection, † § 3, § 17, * 52, † * 127, § 128, Jo-

nah an emblem of it, 286—His ascension, § 111, * 135, § 172, § 264, § 292—The cross, † 360, and salvation in it, † 130—Redemption by him, * 237, § 267, 366, the wonders of it, § 12, § 148; admiring it, 253—God glorified by it, * 91; and the joy of angels, * 274—Our righteousness, 46, 175, and peace, 303—His and the levitical priesthood, * 42, 319, 336, 405—His victory, * † 428, and triumph, * 134, § 351, 435—Unseen and beloved, 236—A sight of him, 125, † 350, and of God in Heaven, † 68, § 89, § 259—Longing for him, † 159, † 169, § 362, † 369—The banquet of love, † 33, † 422—The wisdom of God, 284—Our strength, 181—A shelter in affliction † 170—His example, † 213—His message, 173—His commission, * 273—Worshipped, * 57, * 136, 237, § 243, * 419, * 434, § 441, § 452—His names and titles, 383.

HOLY SPIRIT—Breathing after it, † 54, † 174—Witnessing and sealing, 380, † 408.

ANGELS—Ministering to Christ and saints, § 105—Their dialogue with men, § 393—Rejoice for man's redemption, * 274, and a repenting sinner, * 274, 371, § 425.

C O N T E N T S.

MAN's fall and recovery, 65—The first and second Adam. 66.

SIN—The cause of Christ's death, ¶ 157—Deceitfulness of it, † 290—Temptation to it, 391—Custom in it, 187—The sinner found wanting 272, and warned of death, 341—Conviction by the law, † 198—Correction for it, 99—Indignation against it 420, 431—To be purged away by Christ, 429, * 430—Satan repulsed, 335—Begging pardon of it, † 36, † 83, 84, † 193, † 249—Hoping for it, and unhappy 'till obtained, † 141, † 360; and asking the way to Sion, † 73—The penitent pardoned, 142, † 303, † 397, † 439, and accepted, 45—The backslider returned, 69—Dead to it, 283.

HUMAN FRAILTY—And folly, † 146—Manifested by man's vanity and mortality, 282—Bewailed, 4, † 6—Opposition of flesh and spirit, † 349—Complaints of inconstancy, ¶ 154, ingratitude, 164, hardness of heart, ¶ 220, love of riches, 67, 378, spiritual sloth, † 214, unfruitfulness, ignorance and unsanctified affections, ¶ 191, and that there is no rest on earth 67, 210—A general self-examination, 58, and admonition, 44.

THE GOSPEL—Or new testament † 427, † 438—Its times blessed, * 139—Its call to all in general, † 4, † 53, 122, † 132, § 180, 244, 291—Sufficiency of pardon by it, † 377—Power of it, 322—Its different success, 51—Boldness in it, 281, and begging a blessing on its ministers, 300 (See ordination hymns)—And the holy scriptures, 176, § 221.

REPENTANCE—From God's patience, ¶ 10—At the cross † 252—In the returning prodigal, 35—Requesting pardon, † 36, † 83, † 84, and reverential hope of it, † 361—Joy in Heaven for a repenting sinner, * 274, 371, § 425—A penitent pardoned, † 397—God dwells with the humble and penitent, § 228.

FAITH 77, 155—A living and dead one, 212—trusting in God, 20, 312, and dispelling all fear, 11—Assisted by sense, 222—Its triumph 376, 388—Banishing unbelief, 26.

CHURCH—Sinai and Sion, 235—Blessings of a gospel one, * 251, and that God may favour it, 261—Accepting a penitent, 45, and backslider, 69—Seeking the pastures, † 325—A vision of Christ's kingdom, § 209—Its delight in God, † 219—God its glory and defence, 113, * 143—Christ appearing to it, 321, his love to it, and the soul's jealousy of her's, † 375—Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth, † 365.

PEOPLE of God—election of them excludes boasting, 47—The christian, 374—A new creation, 21, with the old, 98—Devoted to God, 194, and will serve him, † 5—Joyful in their covenant, * 250—Their characters, 19, 140, and general desires 116; the beatitudes, 37, love of wisdom, 323, and care to improve their time, 94—Not anxious about futurities, 196—F. cently grave, 34, and honouring magistrates, § 75—Observant of the duty of private judgment, † 156, and charitable judgment, 7—Desiring a good heart, † 245, or conscience, 370, and having it, † 197—As ministers, 108, 184, 281, 300, 389—As martyrs glorified, § 317—As soldiers, 23, § 294—As peace-makers, 39—As travellers, 177, 203, and pilgrims, * 289—encouraging each other, 55, 56, 58, 59—Their race, * 22, § 121.

LOVE—In heaven and earth, 38—The christian's, † 183—Its general objects, † 116—To God, 114, † 310, and Christ, 155, † 169, 253, † 410, * 414, † 421—Peter's love, † 70—A saint will love God and souls, † 86, 248, 307—And hatred, 38, 232, † 238—Rapturous, § 200—Rising to God, § 240, and heaven, † 276, † 339, † 343—Mercy, † 29, and relieving Christ in his members, † 171—Their liberality rewarded, 40—A charity hymn, 40, 202.

RELIGION, or true worship, (see praise)—The source of peace, 178—Secret, § 80—Humble, 107—With love, † 86, and vain without it, 109—The christian, its excellency, 113, 179, and the benefit of its being early received, 387—With good works, 158, 342, contentment,

C O N T E N T S.

ment, 61, 151, and peace, 39—The benefit of public ordinances, 23—The lamb our guide, † 324—Life the time for it, 188—Public, § 189—Formality in it, 93—The pharisee and publican, 30—Delight in it, † * 78—Meditation, 330—Self-examination, 58, 353, meekness, 211, humility, 346, holiness and grace, 295—Saved by grace, 180, seeking it, † 297, and begging it and peace, † 62—The believer's support, † 263—With fear, § 372—Of heaven, § 82.

PRaise—Desiring to praise Christ, 207, 266—Inviting to it, 43, 60—Sincere, † 9—To God, * 192, 269, for creation, preservation, and redemption, § 101, * 185, § 287, § 338, * 434—Universal, § 87, 268, § 270, § 308, 386—From Great Britain with thanks, § 228, 280—For victory, § 394—The language of nature, § 318—Paradise on earth, § 92 (see Christ worshipped)—Doxology, 90, § 119.

THE LORD'S SUPPER, from 396 to 443.

BAPTISM, from 444 out.

TEMPTATION 391—complaining of it, ¶ 63—Various kinds, 152—The three chief, 359—Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted, † 384.

AFFLICTIONS—Under God's direction, 20—The day of them, 364—The benefit of them, 331—Submission under them, † 218, † 227, and deliverance, 278—And death under providence, † 233—Of sickness with recovery, 367, or without † 195—Strength from heaven, † 357.

CARNAL JOYS—vain, 230—hazardous, 368—A sight of God mortifies to them, † 344—parted with, 161, † 224—Bid farewell to, 385.

DEATH—And eternity, 225, † 302, 306—After a short life, 56, † 117, † 314, 333, † 334—To prepare for it, 150—No return from it, † 32—Dreadful or delightful, † 64—With Sickness leading to it, † 195—Youth admonished of it, † 50, 390—Of a young person,

† 356—Of a rich sinner, † 160—Of a dying saint, † 112, 241—Comfort in sickness and it, † 363, with support, † 31—made easy, 382—victory and triumph over it, 14, 103, 246—Its message welcome, † 208—And glory, † 123, † 223, † 379.

RESURRECTION—A prospect of it, § 144—happy, 229.

JUDGMENT—and death, † 337—Day, 16, § 72, § 126, § 186, 190, § 226, † 381.

HEAVEN—† 124, † 234—The land of promise, † 79—Invisible and holy, 231—A view of it, * 27, 258—Its blessed society, § 271—Free from sin and misery, † 265—Salvation, * 24, * 279—Makes affliction and death easy, † 315, 358—Longing for it, † 153, † 165, 276—A sight of it in sickness, † 145, 247.

HELL † 129—The everlasting absence of God intollerable, † 305.

LORD'S Day, 2, § 41, § 313, 326, 348.

Before Sermon, † 166, 257, 309.

Holy Days, 296: See Christ's nativity, passion, resurrection, ascension, coming of the Holy Ghost.

Fast Days—Public, † 201, † 354—In war, 120—On private occasions, see human frailty, sin, and afflictions.

Opening a new place of Worship, † 104.

Ordaining a Minister, † 70, 108, 184, 281, 300, 389.

The Seasons, 269, 316.

New Year's day, 55, 94, 256, 269.

Morning Hymns, 95, 255, 320.

Evening Hymns, 15, 71, † 293, 327.

Either one or other, * 137, 215.

After a Storm, 138.

On the safe Delivery of a Woman with Child, 106.

On a new-born Child, 254.

For the aged in the view of Death, 150, 241.

Parting of Friends, 167.



